

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0000337208A





CITHARA.

*"O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings :
Let high Philosophy control,
And Sages calm the stream of Life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."*

CAMPBELL.



CITHARA

Lyrical Poems,

Old & New.

by

Martin F. Tupper. D.C.L. F.R.S.

Author of

"Three Hundred Sonnets,"

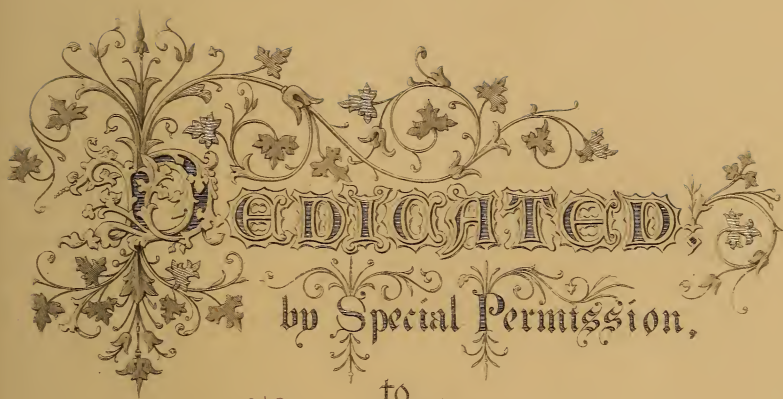
"Proverbial Philosophy," &c.

London:

Airue Brothers & Co.

Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.

1863

DEDICATED,
by Special Permission,

to

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

CITHARA :

A SELECTION FROM

The Lyrics

OF

✓
MARTIN F. TUPPER,

AUTHOR OF "THREE HUNDRED SONNETS," "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,"
ETC. ETC. ETC.



LONDON :

VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., 1, AMEN CORNER,
Paternoster Row.

1863.

PR 5699
.T5 A63

LONDON :
PRINTED BY JAMES S. VIRTUE,
CITY ROAD.



Contents.

	PAGE
<i>Our Greeting to the Princess Alexandra</i>	1
<i>The Poet's Mission</i>	4
<i>The Atlantic Telegraph</i>	7
<i>The First Message</i>	9
<i>Energy</i>	11
<i>Orry the Dane</i>	15
<i>King Veric</i>	17
<i>One among the Million</i>	22
<i>The Truth about Pity</i>	24
<i>These Days</i>	25
<i>The Heart's Harvest</i>	28
<i>Warmth</i>	30
<i>The Mingled Cup</i>	32
<i>A Maxim of Peace</i>	34
<i>Home</i>	36
<i>Human Life</i>	39
<i>A Night-sail in the Race of Alderney</i>	41
<i>Fons Parnassi (the Solace of Song)</i>	43
<i>Revisiting Charterhouse</i>	45
<i>Nature's Nobleman</i>	47
<i>Never give up!</i>	48

	PAGE
<i>The Sisters</i>	49
<i>The Way of the World</i>	50
<i>Courage</i>	52
<i>Envy</i>	53
<i>The Moon and Moonshine</i>	54
<i>Self-Possession</i>	55
<i>The Complaint of an Ancient Briton, disinterred by Archæologists</i>	56
<i>Farley Heath</i>	59
<i>St. Martha's, near Guildford, Surrey</i>	62
<i>Sloth</i>	72
<i>Activity</i>	73
<i>Adventure</i>	75
<i>The Song of Sixteen</i>	77
<i>Forty</i>	79
<i>The Song of Seventy</i>	80
<i>"My Mind to me a Kingdom is"</i>	82
<i>Threnos</i>	93
<i>The Dead</i>	95
<i>A Memorial Window for the Anglo-Saxon Race</i>	98
<i>The Anglo-Saxon Race</i>	101
<i>Non Angli sed Angeli</i>	102
<i>Circumstance</i>	105
<i>Venus: a Reply to Longfellow's "Mars"</i>	106
<i>God preserve the Queen!</i>	108
<i>Wisdom's Wish</i>	110
<i>The Mother's Lament</i>	112
<i>Trust</i>	114
<i>The New Year</i>	115
<i>To a Generous Youth</i>	117
<i>Silence</i>	118
<i>All's for the Best!</i>	119

	PAGE
<i>The Riddle Read</i>	120
<i>Retrospect</i>	122
<i>Post-Letters</i>	123
<i>Fortitude: new Words to "Mynheer Van Dunk"</i>	126
<i>The Idiot: a true Tale of Terror</i>	127
<i>The Poor Man's Sunday</i>	129
<i>My own Place</i>	130
<i>England's Heart</i>	133
<i>Bygones (for Music)</i>	134
<i>Mercy to Animals</i>	135
<i>A Harvest Hymn, 1847</i>	138
<i>Another Harvest Hymn, 1849</i>	140
<i>Arm! The first Rifle Ballad, January, 1852</i>	142
<i>Reply, to sundry who object to "Arm"</i>	144
<i>The Last Time</i>	146
<i>Never Mind!</i>	148
<i>Rise, Britannia! Written and printed in 1846, and then headed by a strange anticipation, "A stirring Song for Patriots in the year 1860"</i>	149
<i>The Emigrant Ship</i>	152
<i>Individuality</i>	153
<i>The Assurance of Horace</i>	155
<i>Cruelty</i>	156
<i>Old Haunts (for Music)</i>	159
<i>Children</i>	160
<i>Dreams</i>	162
<i>Infant Christ, with Flowers</i>	163
<i>Nobody Feels or Cares!</i>	165
<i>Low Spirits</i>	166
<i>Canterbury Pilgrims: a "God-speed"</i>	167
<i>New Zealand: a Song for the Antipodes</i> . . .	168
<i>The Labourer's Ballad</i>	170

	PAGE
<i>The New Home</i>	173
<i>Pauper Burials</i>	177
<i>A Word of Wisdom</i>	179
<i>The Early Gallop</i>	180
<i>Para Thina</i>	181
<i>Self-Reliance</i>	182
<i>My Epsom Ride</i>	183
<i>Caste. For the South Indian School-Book</i>	184
<i>English Spirit</i>	185
<i>The Inauguration of the Prince Consort's Statue</i> <i>(for Music)</i>	188
<i>A Rifle Ballad</i>	189
<i>The Battle of Roleia: a Military Ballad</i>	190
<i>Waterloo: a Ballad for the Soldier</i>	193
<i>A Dirge for Wellington</i>	202
<i>Defence, not Defiance: a Rifle Song</i>	209
<i>Eheu! fugaces</i>	210
<i>A Wedding Lyric for the Princess of Prussia</i> . . .	211
<i>Once More: a Lesson from the Bruce's Spider</i> . .	213
<i>The Sense of Wrong</i>	215
<i>The Sense of Right</i>	216
<i>Railway Times</i>	217
<i>Detraction</i>	219
<i>The Heart and the Mind</i>	220
<i>What we all Feel</i>	222
<i>The Gentleman</i>	223
<i>Warning</i>	225
<i>The Common Complaint</i>	226
<i>Answered</i>	227
<i>Fact</i>	228
<i>The Good and the True</i>	229
<i>Chaos Crystallizing</i>	230

Contents.

ix

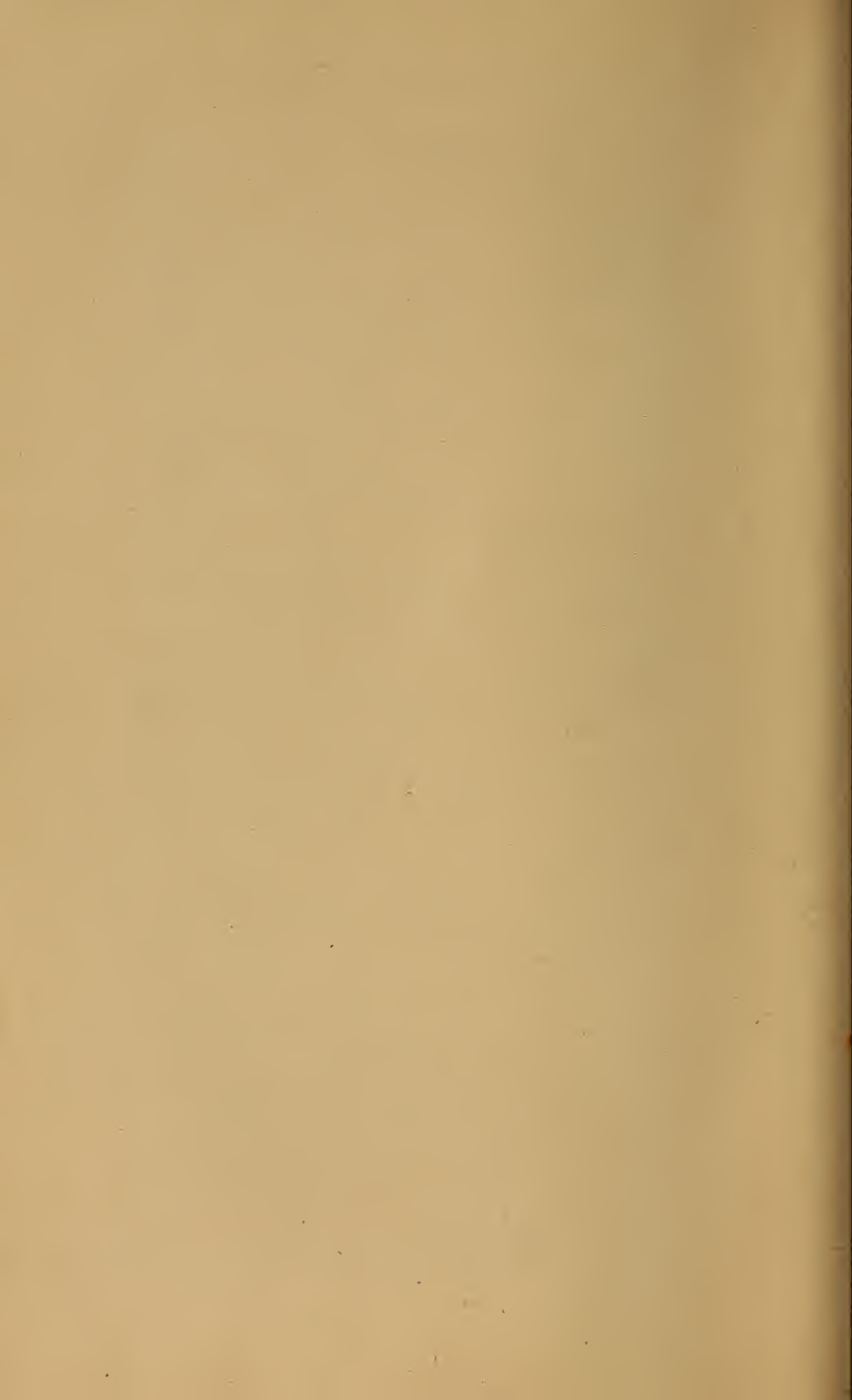
	PAGE
<i>A Consolation</i>	232
<i>A Sigh</i>	233
<i>Welcome!</i>	234
<i>Balm</i>	236
<i>Selfishness</i>	238
<i>The Man about Town</i>	239
<i>Tangle Pond</i>	240
<i>Charity</i>	242
<i>Calculated Comfort</i>	244
<i>Paradise Lost</i>	245
<i>Cheerfulness</i>	246
<i>Confidence</i>	247
<i>Freedom</i>	248
<i>Long Ago (for Music)</i>	250
<i>The Lost Arctic</i>	251
<i>Truth</i>	253
<i>Duty</i>	254
<i>Moving on</i>	255
<i>England's Welcome to the World: a Ballad for</i> 1851	257
<i>A Hymn for all Nations: translated into Thirty</i> Languages, 1851	259
<i>The Great Exhibition: a Ballad for the Workman</i>	261
<i>A Last Call at the Palace of Glass</i>	263
<i>A Reverie about the Crystal Palace</i>	265
<i>Rich and Poor: a Ballad for Sympathy</i>	266
<i>The International, 1862</i>	269
<i>The Sabbath: a Ballad for the Labourer</i>	270
<i>Country Life</i>	273
<i>From "American Lyrics," 1851. To the Union;</i> from a Unit	276
<i>Disunion, 1861</i>	278

	PAGE
<i>Italy's Nemesis, 1860</i>	280
<i>Slandered Worth</i>	282
<i>Bows and Rifles : a Song for Volunteers</i>	283
<i>A Song for Rifle Clubs</i>	284
<i>The Soldier Comforted</i>	285
<i>The Gracious Message</i>	286
<i>The Hero's Wife : in Illustration of the Princess</i> <i>Royal's Picture</i>	287
<i>Soho : a Courting Canzonet</i>	288
<i>The Happy Man</i>	289
<i>Memory (for Music)</i>	290
<i>Genius and Friends</i>	291
<i>Cheer up ! (for Music)</i>	292
<i>"How much worse it might have been !" a Text</i> <i>for the Discontented</i>	293
<i>Down with Foreign Priestcraft, 1851</i>	294
<i>The Unit</i>	295
<i>The old Nest (for Music)</i>	296
<i>"Dieu et mon Droit : " a Loyal Text</i>	297
<i>The Laurel Crown</i>	298
<i>An Escape</i>	299
<i>"Liberty—Equality—Fraternity ! "</i>	300
<i>The Prince of Wales in America, 1860</i>	306
<i>True Nobility</i>	307
<i>To Brother Jonathan, 1850</i>	309
<i>At Casile Mona, 1860</i>	313
<i>"Ye Thirty Noble Nations," 1851</i>	314
<i>Liberia to America</i>	319
<i>To Certain of "the Fourth Estate"</i>	320
<i>For the Invalid Ladies' Institution</i>	322
<i>Blucher's "Forwards ! "</i>	323
<i>Aspire</i>	324

Contents.

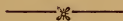
xi

	PAGE
<i>The Opium Trade</i>	326
<i>The Golden Mean</i>	329
<i>The Cotton Famine</i>	331
<i>Grey Hair</i>	332
<i>The Burnt Church, St. George's, Doncaster</i> . .	333
<i>Alice-Evelyn</i>	334
<i>One Gone Before</i>	337
<i>Friends in Heaven</i>	338
<i>Enfranchised</i>	339
<i>The Ballast-Heavers' Request, 1863</i>	340
<i>The true Albert Memorial</i>	342
<i>For the Bible, given by the Maidens of England to the Princess Alice on her Marriage, July 1, 1862</i>	344
<i>A Psalm for Harvest</i>	345
<i>The Heart's Gallop</i>	348





CITHARA.



Our Greeting to the Princess Alexandra.

A HUNDRED thousand Welcomes !
A hundred thousand Welcomes,
 And a hundred thousand more !
O happy heart of England,
Shout aloud, and sing, land,
 As no land sang before !
 And let the pæan soar
 And ring from shore to shore
A hundred thousand Welcomes,
 And a hundred thousand more !
 And let the cannons roar
 The joy-stunn'd city o'er,
 And let the steeples chime it
A hundred thousand Welcomes,
 And a hundred thousand more,—
 And let the people rhyme it
 From neighbour's door to door,
 From every man's heart's core,—
A hundred thousand Welcomes,
 And a hundred thousand more !

II.

She comes! the Maid of Denmark,
The Raven,—NO! The Dove!
The Royal Maid of Denmark,
The darling child of Denmark,
To be our Queen of Love;
She comes! His young and beauteous Bride,
Behold her at the Prince's side,
His truest crown, his joy and pride,—
She comes! All blessings on her!
Our ALBERT-EDWARD's happy choice,
Making the World's great soul rejoice
That such a Prince has won her;
For, search'd we all the nations round,
No fairer, better could be found,
None in whose lot more hopes abound,
Of joy, and peace, and honour!
Then, shout amain with heart and voice,
And let the startled welkin sound
From echoing shore to shore,
A hundred thousand Welcomes!
A hundred thousand Welcomes!
And a hundred thousand more!

III.

O glad and glorious Day!
O multitude on multitude,
O deep magnetic brotherhood,
And yearning all one way!

O spirit-stirring cheers,
O hearts that burst in tears
All sobbing in the fun,
And throbbing all as one !
O flags, like meteors gleaming,
In mad excitement streaming !
O thundering guns and clanging peals !
O joy, wherewith all England reels,—
Was ever such a Welcome
In all the days of yore ?
Was ever such a Triumph,
Or ever shall be more ?
Let fluttering hearts confess it,
And streaming cheeks express it,
And prayers in silence bless it !
Let clapping hands in quick surprise,
And, electric as She comes,
Flags and flowers, trumpets, drums,
Throbbing breasts and thrilling cries,
Waving scarfs and flashing eyes,
And all this surging multitude,
This eager, overwhelming flood,
Sisters and brothers, like a sea
Rippling its million smiles for Thee,—
O let all these declare it,
Let miles of shouting swear it,
In all the years of yore
Unparalleled before !
And Thou, most welcome Wander'r
Across the Northern Water,
Our England's ALEXANDRA—
Our dear adopted Daughter—

Lay to thine heart, conn'd o'er and o'er,
 In future years remember'd well,
 The magic fervour of this spell,
 That shakes the Land from shore to shore,
 And makes all hearts and eyes brim o'er,
 Our hundred thousand Welcomes!
 Our fifty million Welcomes,
 And a hundred million more !

The Poet's Mission.

Not to flatter Kings,
 Not to serve a Court,
 Born for nobler things
 Than to make them sport ;
 Loyal, gentle, kind,
 Yet honest, frank, and free,
 Pure in life and mind,
 Must the Poet be.

Meekness at his heart,
 With triumph on his brow !
 This, the Christian's part,
 Is his daily vow ;
 Zealous for the best
 His earnest spirit can,
 As, at God's behest,
 Swift to gladden Man.

Honour thou the Gift,
Count it no man's slave ;
To the LORD uplift
What his bounty gave ;
Let thy spirit spring
Up to Heaven's gate,
There on quivering wing
SONG to consecrate !

Song,—it sooths the heart ;
Song,—it charms the world ;
Song,—it is a dart
By a giant hurl'd ;
Song,—a torrent's strength
In its force is found,
When, uproufed at length,
Nations hear the sound.

Hark ! they hear, and feel,
And may sleep no more ;
Hark ! the patriot peal
Rings from shore to shore ;
And, in danger's hour,
Stands the Poet then
Girt about with power
As a king of men.

At his burning spell
Quakes the solid shore,
And with surging swell
Rises Ocean's roar,

Till the PEOPLE's will
Like a storm is heard,
Conjured by the skill
Of their Poet's word.

At his gentle voice
All that storm is calm,
And the heav'ns rejoice,
And the breeze is balm,
And Hosannas rise
From a Nation's heart,
Flaming to the skies
Through the Poet's art !

Art ?—it is his breath,
That song-burst of the Soul ;
Art ?—it might be death
His yearnings to control ;
Not by such a name
Call the glorious birth
Of this heavenly flame
Lit to kindle earth.

As his heart may glow,
Freely must his song
Like an overflow
Gush out fresh and strong ;
No constraint be there
His energies to tire,
Zeal and love and prayer
String the Poet's lyre !

The Atlantic Telegraph.

WORLD ! what a wonder is this,
Grandly and simply sublime,—
All the Atlantic abyss
Leapt in a nothing of time !
Even the steeds of the sun
Half a day panting behind,
In the flat race that is run,
Won by a flash of the Mind !

Lo ! on this sensitive link—
It is one link, not a chain—
Man with his brother can think
Spurning the breadth of the Main ;
Man to his brother can speak
Swift as the bolt from a cloud,
And where its thunders were weak
There his least whisper is loud !

Yea ; for as Providence wills,
Now doth intelligent Man
Conquer material ills,
Wrestling them down as he can,—

And by one weak little coil
Under the width of the waves,
Distance and Time are his spoil,
Fetter'd as Caliban-slaves !

Ariel?—right through the sea
We can fly swift as in air ;
Puck?—forty minutes shall be
Sloth to the bow that we bear :
Here is Earth's girdle indeed,
Just a thought-circlet of fire,—
Delicate Ariel freed,
Sings, as she flies, on a wire !

Courage, O servants of light,
For you are safe to succeed ;
Lo ! you are helping the Right,
And shall be blest in your deed ;
Lo ! you shall bind in one band,
Joining the nations as one,
Brethren of every land,
Blessing them under the sun !

This is Earth's pulse of high health
Thrilling with vigour and heat,
Brotherhood, wisdom, and wealth,
Throbbing in every beat ;
But you must watch in good sooth
Lest to false fever it swerve,—
Touch it with tenderest truth
As the world's exquisite nerve !

Let the first Message across—
High-hearted Commerce, give heed—
Not be of profit or loss,
But one electric indeed :
Praise to the Giver be given,
For that He giveth man skill,
Praise to the great God of Heaven !
“ Peace upon Earth, and Goodwill ! ”

The First Message.

(STROPHE.)

Poor World ! that in wickedness liest
Enthrall'd by the powers of ill,
And, groaning and travailing, sighest
For better and happier still,—
Lo ! here is a chance
For helping the right,
And forcing advance
In the enemy's fight,
By godly confession and brotherly love ;
By owning on Whom thou reliefst,
And openly trusting the Ruler above ;
By bidding the very first thrill
On the nerve of this telegraph wire
Be—nothing of science, or profit and loss ;
But, flashing electrical deeper and higher,
World, let the first heart-stirring message across—

The First Message.

(O Message ! rejoice as thou fliest,
 All saints and all angels who fill
 Infinity farthest and nighest)—
 Be—" Glory to God in the Highest !
 Peace upon Earth, and Goodwill ! "

(ANTISTROPHE.)

Ay, Man ! who with energy triest
 To conquer by strength or by skill,
 Resolved, though in body thou diest,
 In spirit to wrestle up-hill,
 Lo ! here is a gain
 To be won by a word,
 If under the main
 The first that is heard
 Be brotherly kindness and heavenly praise ;
 If, while thou in courage defiest
 The winds and the waves and all perils always,
 Enslaving those giants, until
 They meekly obey thy desire,—
 If thus, the first whisper that proves thee their lord,
 Their master and gaoler by fetters of fire,
 Be this—the sublimest and happiest word—
 (O Message ! rejoice as thou fliest,
 All saints and all angels who fill
 Infinity farthest and nighest)—
 Be—" Glory to God in the Highest,
 Peace upon Earth, and Goodwill ! "

Energy.

I.

INDOMITABLE merit
Of the stout old English mind!
That makes a man inherit
The glories of his kind—
That scatters all around him
Until he stands sublime,
With nothing to confound him
The conqueror of Time,—
O mighty Perseverance !
O courage, stern and stout,
That wills and works a clearance
Of every rabble rout,—
That cannot brook denial
And scarce allows delay,
But wins from every trial
More strength for every day,—
Antagonistic Power !
I praise—for praise I can—
The God, the place, the hour
That makes a man a Man—

The God, from whom all greatness—
 The place, old England's shore—
 The hour, an hour of lateness
 (For Time may soon be o'er)—
 The Man—ay, every brother
 Of Anglo-Saxon race
 Who owns a British mother
 In Freedom's dwelling-place !

II.

I feel, I feel within me
 That courage self-possess'd—
 The force, that yet shall win me
 The brightest and the best—
 The stalwart English daring
 That steadily steps on,
 Unswerving and unsparing
 Until the world is won,—
 The boldness and the quiet
 That calmly go ahead,
 In spite of wrath and riot,
 In spite of quick and dead,—
 Hot Energy to spur me,
 Keen Enterprise to guide,
 And Conscience to uplift me,
 And Duty by my side,
 And Hope before me singing
 Assurance of success,
 And rapid Action springing
 At once to nothing less,

And all the mighty movings
That wrestle in my breast,
The longings and the lovings,
The Spirit's glad unrest
That scorns excuse to tender
Or Fortune's favour ask,
And never will surrender,
Whatever be the task !

III.

I cannot wait for chances,
For luck I will not look ;
In faith my spirit glances
At Providence—God's book ;
And there, discerning truly,
That right is might at length,
I dare go forward duly
In quietness and strength,
Unflinching and unfearing,
The flatterer of none,
And in good courage wearing
The honours I have won !
Let Circumstance oppose me,
I beat it to my will ;
And if the flood o'erflows me,
I dive and stem it still,—
No hindering dull material
Shall conquer or control
My energies ethereal—
My gladiator soul !

I will contrive occasion,
 Not tamely bide my time ;
 No Capture, but Creation
 Shall make my sport sublime !
 Let lower spirits linger
 For sign by beck or nod,
 I always see the finger
 Of an onward-urging God !

IV.

Not selfish—not hard-hearted—
 Not vain, nor deaf, nor blind—
 From wisdom not departed,
 But in humbleness of mind,
 Still shall mine independence
 Stand manfully alone,
 Nor dance a tame attendance
 On any mortal throne,
 Disciple of no teacher
 Except the ONE in Heav'n,
 And yielding to no creature
 The Reason He hath giv'n !
 Oh thus, while contemplation
 In faith beholds above
 My glorious hope, Salvation,
 Eternity of Love,
 And while an English spirit
 Is bubbling at my heart,
 To strengthen and upfir it
 To play a giant's part,

No hindrance, nor misfortune—
No man's neglect, nor ill,
Shall bend me to importune
One weak indulgence still;
But with my God to nerve me,
My soul shall overwhelm
All circumstance to serve me
In my Spiritual Realm !

Orry the Dane.

In fifty keels and five
Rush'd over the pirate swarm,
Hornets out of the Northern hive,
Hawks on the wings of the storm ;
Blood upon talons and beak,
Blood from their helms to their heels,
Blood on the hand and blood on the cheek !—
In five and fifty keels.

O fierce and terrible horde
That shout about Orry the Dane,
Clanging the shield and clashing the sword
To the roar of the storm-tossed main !
And hard on the shore they drive,
Ploughing through shingle and sand,—
And high and dry those fifty and five
Are haul'd in line upon land.

And ho ! for the torch straightway,
In honour of Odin and Thor,—
And the blazing night is as bright as the day,
As a gift to the gods of war ;
For down to the melting sand,
And over each flaring mast,
Those fifty and five they have burnt as they stand
To the tune of the furl and the blast !

A ruthless, desperate crowd
They trample the shingle at Lhane,
And hungry for slaughter they clamour aloud
For the Viking, for Orry the Dane !
And swift has he flown at the foe,—
For the clustering clans are here,—
But light is the club and weak is the bow
To the Norseman sword and spear ;

And woe to the patriot Manx,
The right overthrown by the wrong,—
For the sword hews hard at the staggering ranks,
And the spear drives deep and strong :
And Orry the Dane stands proud
King of the bloodstained field,
Lifted on high by the shouldering crowd
On the batter'd boss of his shield.

Yet, though such a man of blood,
So terrible, fierce, and fell,
King Orry the Dane had come hither for good,
And govern'd the clans right well ;

Freedom and laws and right,
He sow'd the good seed all round,—
And built up high in the People's fight
Their famous Tynwald mound;

And elders twenty and four
He set for the House of Keys,
And all was order from shore to shore
In the fairest Isle of the Seas :
Though he came a Destroyer, I wist,
He remain'd as a Ruler to save,
And there he sleeps in the roadside kist.
They call King Orry's grave.

King Veric.

VERIC the King, in his chariot of war,
Like a statue straight upstood,
As his scythéd wheels flash'd fast and far,
Smear'd with the Romans' blood ;
His huge bronze celt was crimson with gore,
And, round his unkempt head,
The golden fillet his fathers wore
Was dabbled with drops of red !

And rage in the monarch's eye blazed bright,
And his cheek was deadly pale,
For Plautius Aulus had won the fight
With his mighty men in mail :
The carrofs of hide and the wicker targe
Were riddled far and near ;
And terrible was the prætorian charge,
And keen the cohort's fpear.

And over the hurt-wood, and over the heath,
Alone—alive he fled ;
For the car bore ftraight to his stronghold of Leith
The living—and the dead !
Young Mepati lay at his father's feet,
Hew'd by the ruthlefs foe ;
And the bloodhound may track on the trickling peat
The pathlefs way they go.

Young Mepati—well had he borne him then,
On Fair-lee's fatal day,
He boasted that ten of thofe bearded men
Had vanifh'd from the fray ;
His flint-head fhafts went merrily home,
As four hard hearts had felt ;
And fix of the ftalwart guards of Rome
Had bow'd to the ftripling's celt.

Young Mepati, come of the Comian flock,—
Ha ! look ! they hem him round,
And down is he hurl'd in the battle flock,
And trampled to the ground,—

But Veric has seen with his lightning eye,
And struck as the bolt, goodfooth !
Like thundering Thor, with his hammer on high,
He has saved the gallant youth !

But, woe ! for the foe had smitten him fore ;
And eight deep wounds in his front
With red lips swore how well the boy bore
That hideous battle brunt ;
Proudly the monarch smiled on the child,
In his rescuing arms upborne,—
But—all of his son that Veric has won
Is a corpse by the tigers torn !

Then, deep as the ocean's distant roar,
The father gave a groan ;
And the Attrebate king by his gods he swore
He should not die alone !
Back on their haunches swift he stopp'd
Those untamed fiery steeds,—
As an eagle down on the dovecote dropp'd,
Or a whirlwind in the reeds.

And was it then that the monarch's life
By the Waverley witch was charm'd ?
The javelin fleet of that stern strife
Around him flew unharm'd !
And weary he cleft with his wedge of war
The hundredth foreign brow,
Before he would flee in his iron car,
As he is fleeing now.

For lo! to that false foe he has lost
All that a king can lose;
His veteran chiefs, his patriot host,
Scatter'd as early dews:
Treason had wink'd at the stranger's gold,
And faithless friends had fled,—
And Mepati's self—his darling bold—
Alas! that he is dead.

He flies, as only a king may fly,
In obstinate despair,—
On his hill-top high like a lion to die
At bay in his own lair:
And lo! the black horses are white with foam,
Strong straining up the steep,
To carry the king to his ancient home,
Yon far-seen castle-keep!

But—woe upon woe! for the wily foe
Hath been before him there,
And while the lion was prowling below,
Hath spoil'd the lion's lair;
Dead, dead and stark, and smear'd with gore,
Beneath a smouldering heap,
Wife, daughters, and sons, and the grandfire hoar,
On death's red ashes sleep!

Then burst in agony, rage, and pain,
That noble broken heart;
And under his beetled brows like rain
The spouting tears did start:

And down like a pole-axed bull he drops,
And weak on the threshold lies ;
The wellspring of life freezes and stops—
He dies—the hero dies !

But, look ! a light on his royal brow,
A strange prophetic flame—
The spirit of Vola over him now
In solemn calmness came ;
He saw the Gael at the gates of Rome,
And carnage on the track,
And Britain's spoilers hurrying home
To drive the terror back,—

He saw in the midst of his native plains
Fair-lee's polluted hill,—
Where Rome so long should forge her chains
To bind the Briton still,—
He saw it ruin'd, and burnt, and bare ;
And—from one mite of gold,
He saw a Saxon stranger there
Read off this tale of old !

One among the Million.

I.

ONE among the million, fainting on the way,
Stricken by the heat and the burden of the day,
Look'd to me for comfort, as I heard him say—

“What am I but one among the million?”

“Dense are the crowds, and distracting is the strife,
A wrestle, and a bustle, and a battle to the knife;
Alas! for the woefulness and weariness of life,

To be but as one among the million!

“Everywhere a struggle, and the struggle all for self,
The wickedness of pleasure, or the worthlessness of self,
While each stands apart, thrust aside upon the shelf,

A solitary one among the million!

“A little wither'd grain amid the heap'd-up threshing-
floor,

A leaf among the forest, one leaf, and nothing more,
A drop of the Atlantic, and a pebble on its shore,

A one small one among the million!

“Unprized in my good, and unpitied in my sin,
With none to care for how I fare without me or within,
The tide rushes by, and it fluns me with its din—
Oh, comfort one among the million!”

II.

One among the million! gladly do I stand
To offer thee a brother's heart, and take a brother's
hand;
Oh, there are thousand thousands left, Elijah's count-
less band,
To comfort all among the million!

Is it not a blessedness, that CHRIST hath bled for thee;
A wondrous and a glorious thing that He a man
could be,
A man, and yet the GOD of men, to rescue thee and me,
And die for all among the million?

And is it not a happy thought, that, on the other side
Of time, with all its worrying cares, and all its petty
pride,
For “every one that thirsteth” floweth Life's eternal
tide
Of joys for all among the million?

And is it not a gladness, that man, thy brother man,
And woman's gentle sisterhood, and childhood, where
it can,
Are eager here to bless thee,—tho' Mammon seems
to ban—
To bless, yes, all among the million?

Oh ! one among the million ! there are millions with
thee still,
To lift thy load, and cheer thy heart, and help thee up
this hill ;
Go on, and God go with thee ! He can comfort thee,
and will ;
Ay, thee, and all among the million ! .

The Truth about Pity.

IN spite of adversity, trouble, and scorn,
And all your philanthropy deems
Wretched and ragged, and vile and forlorn,
No son of misfortune that ever was born
Is really the wretch that he seems.

The hardship your pity so loudly bewails,
Is lighter than sympathy dreams ;
For habit makes easy, and hope never fails,
And other men's bitterer hardship avails
To soothe a man more than it seems.

Your sensitive spirit may feel that his fate
With manifold misery teems ;
But either by patience those sorrows abate,
Or Dulness himself cannot see that his state
Is half such a wreck as it seems.

Then look lest your tenderneſs, generous heart,
So laſh of liberal ſtreams,
By pity not only no comfort impart,
But even may aggravate miſery's dart,
By ſhowing how jagged it ſeems.

No ! counſel religion, courageous content,
And energy's dutiful ſchemes,
And how to take humbly the trial that's ſent,
And how to win Good, providentially meant
In all that ſo ſorrowful ſeems.

These Days.

HASTE ! the poor old Earth is dying,—
Do GOD ſervice while you can ;
Haſte ! too hurriedly is flying
All this halcyon chance of man ;
Haſte ! for Time may be no longer,—
All created yearnings tend
In a rapid ever ſtronger
To that cataſt, The End !

Lo ! the cycled years revolving
Turn to their firſt goal again,—
Every Sphinx-enigma ſolving,
Every riddle reading plain ;

All things speak to man sublimely
With Apocalyptic mouth,
Nature's consummation timely
Telling out from North to South.

Yea, what privilege and gladness
Dwell with modern men and things,
Vainly waited for in sadness
By old prophets and old kings :
Children see what sages doubted,
Peasants know what patriarchs guessed ;
And the sword of Truth has routed
Every lie from East to West.

Ancient wrongs are being righted,—
Ancient rights lift up their head ;
Savage realms and tribes benighted
Rise to life as from the dead ;
Ignorance is out of season,
Wickedness is glad to hide,—
Nothing stands but faith and reason,
Nothing falls but sin and pride.

We, in days so full and fleeting,
Spend our lives on eagles' wings,
Throng'd by marvels, marvels meeting,
Flock'd about by wondrous things ;
Every day the whole world's history
Spread out map-like stirs the mind,
Every day some ripen'd mystery
Stands consummate for mankind.

Nineveh with ghostly message
Rises from her mounded graves ;
Polar Ice has clued the Passage
Winding through its hummock'd waves ;
Saurian monsters crawl before us,—
Storms their whirling laws avow,—
All Creation shouts in chorus,
“ Nothing shall be secret now ! ”

Earth's forgotten wastes and corners,
Peopled thick through gold broadcast,
Tell the scoffers and the scorers
How she is ' subdued ' at last :
God commands ; and nothing frees us
Till that word we all obey,—
Even China bows to JESUS,
Even Africa doth pray.

Ravel-lkeins of old beginnings
Tapestried around the Cross,—
And Creation's final winnings
Well out-balancing her loss,—
All subdued, and all replenish'd,
All things, sealing up the sum,
Preach, how nearly, It is finish'd,
Tell how soon the CHRIST will come.

The Heart's Harbest.

How little we know of each other !
How lightly and loofely are known !
How feldom is brother with brother
The fame that he is when alone ;
Though relatives round a man gather,
Though cordial he feem with his friend,
Not even the child and its father
As fpirit with fpirit can blend.

The depths of a man are not founded,
The heights of his thoughts are not feen,
The breadth of his feelings unbounded
Is veil'd by Society's fcreen ;
We none of us heed what a greatness
Is hidden away in the Heart
That, mask'd in a well-bred fedatenefs,
Is playing its company part.

O Soul ! that in folitude yearneft
For tenderer knowledge of friends,
The intimate, honeft, and earneft,
Untainted by Self and its ends,—

Alas ! for the lies of romances,
And stolid reality's truth ;
Alas ! for the generous fancies
That gladden'd a man in his youth !

Not here, where in spirit thou starvest,
Athirst for the flagons of love,
Not here—is the happy heart-harvest
That gladdens the blessed above ;
In heavenly meads we may reap it,—
But now the heart's garden is found
With scarcely one flower to keep it
Mapp'd out from the wilderness round !

Those "spirits made perfect" in glory !
I long their companion to be,
That Love's ever musical story
Be sung by those reapers—and me ;
That Heart may discover its treasures
Unfearing, to dear ones above,
And all the full harvest of pleasures
Be reap'd by the Spirit of Love !

Warmly.

WRITER, whosoe'er thou art,
Speaker, on whatever theme,
Write and speak from heart to heart,
Truly being what you seem ;
Thoughts and words alone have power
When they reach us quick and fresh,
And the spirit of the hour
Turns these stones to hearts of flesh.

Living truth, that bubbles hot
Like a Geyser in the soul,
Boils and steams and slackens not
Till it overflows its bowl ;
Strongly runs the current then,
Swiftly all the sluices fill,
And the swollen hearts of men
Make a river to thy will.

Who can wonder that in vain
Scores of dullards preach for years,
Lulling conscience to its bane
Fast asleep in hopes and fears ?

All is death : each fossil thought
Word-embedded lies in clay,
And no heart is touch'd or taught
To feel, to tremble, or to pray.

It is not eloquence, nor skill,
Nor any human power or art,
That surely sways another's will,
Controls his life and cheers his heart ;
It is the frank and earnest plan
Of simple truth sincerely spoken,
That breaks the spirit of a man,
Or heals it up however broken.

Seek then a living Warmth within
To work with vital force without ;
Drive from thee selfishness and sin,
And lure thy timorous graces out ;
Then write or speak what impulse wills,
And no man shall withstand the power
That from the lip of truth distils
In quicken'd feeling's thrilling hour.

The Mingled Cup.

HAPPIER under other skies,
—So dreams man—
Happier, link'd with other ties,
Better, worthier, and more wise
Were Life's plan :

Anyhow but as things are,
—So man dreams—
Born beneath some kindlier star
Surely Life were nobler far
Than now seems !

Most of us are dreamers here,
Wishing a change ;
Athirst to spice our common cheer,
This dull routine of daily sphere,
With new and strange.

Most are murmurers, kicking still
Against our lot ;
Unbelieving God's wise will,
That portions human good and ill,
And favours not.

Discontent looks on, and longs,
 Envyng other ;
Counting up his scars and wrongs
Each man covets what belongs
 To his brother !

Meantime, Duty's leaf and flower
 Both must wither ;
And, for Peace of Mind,—each hour
Breeds its harpies to devour,
 Flapping hither !

Then does Life, so vain at best,
 Pine more weakly,
Vampires draining it of rest,
Where Contentment had been blest
 Bearing meekly.

Oh let be ! thy fate is fix'd,
 Cast by Heaven ;
Future, Past, and all betwixt
Is a chalice shrewdly mixt,—
 Must and leaven :

Well fermented, weal and woe
 Make foul's wine,—
And hereafter thou shalt know
How Life's bitter yeast below
 Doth refine.

Earth may make thee taste her gall,
 Or drink it up ;
But Heaven shall make amends for all
When thou dost keep high festival
 At God's own cup.

A Maxim of Peace.

NEVER have regrets, brother,
But for sake of sin ;
The treacherous heart within
All too soon forgets, brother,
How it felt, and was, in thought,
Acting out the thing it ought.

All thy will was well, brother,
Well didst thou deserve ;
Circumstance might swerve,
But, the truth to tell, brother,
Consequences none foresee
Never need be cares to thee.

Always for the best, brother,
Hourly hast thou striven ;
Though to be forgiven,
This shall be thy test, brother,—
Did not honest zeal obey
Duty's impulse every day ?

What seem'd then so right, brother,
Let no censure now,
No unkindly brow,
Damage in thy fight, brother ;

Yesterday did what it could ;
Scorn not thou its humbler good !

To thyself be true, brother ;
Yield not to regret ;
Nor thy spirit fret
To do, or to undo, brother,
What is now beyond thy skill ;
Facts are facts, do what we will.

Every Present seems, brother,
Girt about with friends ;
Every Future sends
Glory to thy dreams, brother ;
But we all condemn too fast
The friendless and the hopeless Past.

Scorn not what thou wast, brother,—
Trust not what thou art ;
Watch thy coward heart ;
Look to that thou hast, brother ;
Nothing is within thy power,
But the swiftly passing hour.

Therefore do not set, brother,
Sorrow on the past ;
When the die is cast
Never nurse regret, brother :
Only for thy sin be sad,
For all beside be wisely glad !

Home.

I FORAGED all over this joy-dotted earth,
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth
Tied up with the bands of its wisdom and worth,—
And lo! its chief treasure,
Its innermost pleasure,
Was always at Home!

I went to the Palace, and there my fair Queen
On the arm of Her Husband did lovingly lean,
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,
In spite of the splendour,
So happy and tender,
For they were at Home!

I turn'd to the cottage, and there my poor hind
Lay sick of a fever,—all meekly resign'd,
For oh! the good wife was so cheerful and kind,
In spite of all matters,
An angel in tatters,
And she was at Home!

I ask'd a glad mother, just come from the post
With a letter she kissed from a far-away coast,
What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most—

And—gladness for mourning !
Her boy was returning
To love her—at Home !

I spoke to the foldiers and failors at sea,
Where best in the world would they all of them be ?
And hark ! how they earnestly shouted to me,
With iron hearts throbbing,
And choking and sobbing,
—Oh land us at Home !

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew gray,
And ask'd him what help'd him this many a day
In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay ?
And it all was the beauty,
The comfort and duty,
That cheer'd him at Home !

I ran to the court, where the fages of law
Were wrangling and jangling at quibble and flaw,—
Oh wondrous to me was the strife that I saw !
But all that fierce riot
Was calm'd by the quiet
That blest them at Home !

I call'd on the school-boy, poor love-stricken lad,
Who yearn'd in his loneliness, silent and sad,
For the days when again he should laugh and be glad
With his father and mother,
And sister and brother,
All happy at Home !

I tapp'd at the door of the year-stricken Eld,
Where age, as I thought, had old memories quell'd,—
But fill all his garrulous fancies outwell'd
 Strange old-fashion'd stories
 Of pleasures and glories
 That once were at Home !

I whisper'd the prodigal, wanton and wild,
—How changed from the heart that you had when a
 child,
So teachable, noble, and modest, and mild !—
 Though Sin had undone him,
 Thank God that I won him,
 By looking at Home !

And then, when he wept and he vow'd better life,
I hasten'd to snatch him from peril and strife,
By finding him wisely a tender young Wife,—
 Whose love should allure him,
 And gently secure him
 A convert at Home !

So he that had raced after pleasure so fast,
And still as he ran had its goal overpast,
Found happiness, honour, and blessing at last
 In all the kind dealings,
 Affections and feelings,
 That ripen at Home !

Human Life.

I.

By the waste of toil and treasure
For so slender gains,—
By the poor amount of pleasure
Bought of many pains,—
By the hopes and fears unceasing
Both in turn put out,—
By the worries still increasing
With their rabble rout,—
Human Life, thou robe of Nessus!
We are clad in cares ;
And the very joys that bless us
Are but snakes and snares ;
And the troubles and the trials,
Somehow wisely sent,
Seem to us pernicious vials
Pour'd in punishment !

II.

By each vast anticipation
And its meagre fact,—
By so slight appreciation
Of each generous act,—

By the coldness and the meanness
 In too many found,—
 By the hard unkindly keenness
 Watching all around,—
 Human Life, thou face of Gorgon !
 We are harden'd up,
 And each sympathetic organ
 Freezes at thy cup,
 And affection's purest feeling
 Curdles into gall,
 And Religion's touch of healing
 Does not sweeten all.

III.

By the Past,—a word of sadness
 Wet with filly tears ;
 By the Present,—promised gladness
 Cheating us for years ;
 By the Future,—dread enigma,
 Who shall guess its truth ?
 By Fame's breath, and Slander's stigma
 Vexing Age and Youth ;—
 Human Life, O bitter sweetness,
 Chequer'd white and black,—
 Yet dost thou achieve the meetness
 Which thy children lack ;
 Whatsoever the wind or weather,
 Joy it is to tell
 All things work for good together
 And shall yet be well !

IV.

By the thousand tints of Beauty
Dropt on every fide,—
By the magic thought of Duty
Whatſoe'er betide,—
By the mercies yet about us
Little underſtood,
By all elſe within, without us,
Miniſtering good,—
Human Life! O wondrous ſtory!
Full of light and ſhade,
Soon ſhalt thou be lit with glory
That can never fade;
Soon Affection and Ambition
Shall be fully blown,
And Our Life achieve its miſſion
On a Royal Throne!

A Night-sail in the Race of Alderney.

I.

SPRINKLED thick with ſhining ſtuds,
Stretches wide the tent of heaven,
Blue, begemm'd with golden buds,—
Calm, and bright, and deep, and clear,
Glory's hollow hemisphere
Arch'd above theſe frothing floods,
Right and left aſunder riven,

As our cutter madly scuds,
By the fitful breezes driven,
When exultingly she sweeps
Like a dolphin through the deeps,
And from wave to wave she leaps,
Rolling in this yeasty leaven,—
Ragingly that never sleeps,
Like the wicked unforgiven !

II.

Midnight, soft and fair above,
Midnight, fierce and dark beneath,—
All on high the smile of love,
All below the frown of death :
Waves that whirl in angry spite
With a phosphorescent light
Gleaming ghastly on the night,—
Like the pallid sneer of Doom,
So malicious, cold, and white,
Luring to this watery tomb,
Where in fury and in fright
Winds and waves together fight
Hideously amid the gloom,—
As our cutter gladly scuds,
Dipping deep her sheeted boom
Madly to the boiling sea,
Lighted in these furious floods
By that blaze of brilliant studs,
Glistening down like glory-buds
On the Race of Alderney !

Fons Parnassi.

(THE SOLACE OF SONG.)

I.

EVER babbling, ever bubbling,
Bright as light and calmly clear,
Cure for every trial troubling,
Solace ever new and near,
Fons Parnassi ! free and flowing,
Fons Parnassi ! glad and glowing,
Rarefied creative pleasure !
Oh ! they lie who say that Song
Is a merely graceful measure,
Just a luxury of leisure :
Not an anthem sweet and strong
Rich in spiritual treasure
That to Seraphs might belong,—
Not a tender consolation
All the cares of life among,
Not the balm of broad creation
In this maze of right and wrong,—
Not the secret soul's distilling,
Every nerve and fibre filling
With intense ecstatic thrilling,—
Evoe ! Fons Parnassi,
Fons ebie Parnassi !

II.

Ah ! thou fairy fount of sweetness,
Well I wot how dear thou art
In thy purity and meetness
To my hot and thirsty heart,
When, with sympathetic fleetness,
I have raced from thought to thought,
And, array'd in maiden neatness,
By her natural taste well taught,
Thy young Naiad, thy Pieria,
My melodious Egeria,
Winsomely finds out my fancies
Frank as Sappho, as unfought,—
And with innocent wife-like glances
Close beside my spirit dances,
As a sister Ariel ought,—
Tripping at her wanton will,
With unpremeditated skill,
Like a gushing mountain rill,
Or a bright Bacchante, reeling
Through the flights of thought and feeling,
Half concealing, half revealing
Whatsoe'er of spirit's fire,
Beauty kindling with desire,
Can be caught in Word's attire !
Evoe ! Fons Parnassi,
Fons ebie Parnassi.

Revisiting Charterhouse.

A SHADOW, a vapour, a tale that is told,—
Ah ! where is the figure so true
As justly to picture my by-gones of old
Uprising in dreamy review ?
Those dim recollections, sepulchral and cold,
Old feelings bedimm'd by the new,
As over these hill-tops are mistily roll'd
Those ghost-looking columns of dew !

I went to the place that had known me of yore,
To see its familiar face ;
And mournfully stood,—for it knew me no more ;
All strange did I stand in that place !
And it seem'd as if Hadës had render'd its dead
When, less by the sight than the sound,
At the hint of a voice, in a snow-sprinkled head
Some school-fellow's features I found.

O changes in feeling ! O chances of life !
O mercies, and perils, and fears !
What ages of trial, and travail, and strife,
Have sped since those holiday years !

In half-drowning vision, as seen in a glass,
On a sudden the sorrows and joys
Of twenty long winters all hurriedly pass,
And, look ! for once more we are boys.

Yet here, like the remnant of some gallant crew
Just snatch'd from the deep in the dark,
We gaze on each other, a storm-batter'd few
Adrift on a perilous bark !
And mournful as Life, and mysterious as Death,
Our common-place converse is heard,
For we feel as we speak that we live in a breath,
And haply might die in a word !

And feelings are fickle,—and riches have wings,
And nothing is steady or sure,
And even affections are changeable things,
And—where can a heart be secure ?
Ah ! clouded and dreary, and solemn, and still,
And as by some nightmare oppress,—
Come, heart ! break away from this choke and this
chill,
In God and thyself ever blest.

Nature's Nobleman.

AWAY with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
Where pleasure itself cannot please ;
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still
Affects to be quite at its ease ;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first of the band,
And Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is a man with his heart in his hand !

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,
He warmly can love,—and can hate ;
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust
To Fashion's intolerant state :
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor in the land,
Is Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand !

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses simple and true,
Yet temper'd by judgment, and taught by good sense,
And cordial with me, and with you :
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
It is *you*, man ! or *you*, man ! who stand
Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,—
A man with his heart in his hand !

Never Give up !

NEVER give up ! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair ;
Fling off the load of Doubt's heavy fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care :
Never give up ! or the burthen may sink you,—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up !

Never give up ! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success,—if you'll only hope on :
Never give up ! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up !

Never give up !—though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst :
Never give up !—if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up !

The Sisters.

ALL-BEAUTEIOUS Lady Arabell
Glanced scornfully aside,—
Alas ! for he hath loved her well,
In spite of all her pride ;
Yet coldly to that noble heart
In all its glowing youth,
Away ! she cried,—and spurn'd aside
Its tendernefs and truth.

Away !—and at her feet he fell
As cold and white as stone !
And heartlefs Lady Arabell
Has left him all alone ;
Alone, to live ? alone, to die ?
Alone ?—Yet who art thou,—
Some guardian angel from the fky
To blefs and aid him now ?

Ah ! Florence loves young Cecil weil,
And pines this many a day,—
For ftar-eyed fifter Arabell
Hath won his heart away,—
Hath won it all by treacherous arts
To fling it all aside,
And break a pair of loving hearts
For triumph and for pride !

Fair Florence with her eyes of blue
And locks of golden light ;
Dark Arabell's of raven hue
With flashing orbs of night ;
And has young Cecil chosen well
Between that sister pair,
The proud and brilliant Arabell
Or gentle Florence fair ?

O bitter morn ! O blessed morn !
For lo, he turns to love
No more that raven queen of scorn,
But this sweet sister dove :
In spite of lustrous Arabell
And all her envious pride,
Young Cecil loves his Florence well,
And—Florence is his bride.

The Way of the World.

OH ! but it's war to the knife, man !
Selfish and desperate strife, man !
Nothing will serve
But resolute nerve
To battle the battle of life, man !
What do they care for your cares, man ?
What are your troubles to theirs, man ?
Nobody heeds
How the heart bleeds,
Nor how a poor fellow fares, man.

Each for himself is the thought, man ;
All the world else is as nought, man :
 Each has his fill
 Of fighting up-hill,
And fiercely the battle is fought, man !

Yes,—you may do good or ill, man,
Battle as well as you will, man,
 Nobody cares,—
 Nobody's pray'rs
Help in this battle up-hill, man !

Wrapt in a mantle of pride, man,
Standing aloof and aside, man,
 Each one alone
 Hunts for his own,
Cold as the world and as wide, man !

Ay, it is bitter to think, man,
That you may swim or you may sink, man,
 With the world's glance
 Coldly askance
Watching you over the brink, man !

Everything's thrown on the shelf, man,
Other than pleasure or pelf, man !
 Be what you may,
 You're clean flung away
If *you* cannot serve the worlds' *self*, man !

Courage !

DANGERS do but dare me,
Terrors cannot scare me,
God my guide, I'll bear me
Manfully for ever,—
Trouble's darkest hour
Shall not make me cower
To the Spectre's power,—
Never, never, never !

Up, my heart, and brace thee,
While the perils face thee,
In thyself encase thee
Manfully for ever,—
Foes may howl around me,
Fears may hunt and hound me,—
Shall their yells confound me ?
Never, never, never !

Constant, calm, unfearing,
Boldly persevering,
In good conscience steering
Manfully for ever,—
Winds and waves defying,
And on God relying,
Shall He find me flying ?
Never, never, NEVER !

Entry.

WHITE-LIPP'D sneerer, well I wot
How you loathe the great and wise,
How his brightness is a blot
On your thunder-mantled skies ;
How his fame and good men's love
Make him hateful in your eyes,
And when thus he soars above,
How you ache to see him rise !

O you seeming friend, found out,
In detraction is your bliss,—
Whispering petty blame about,
With a subtle serpent's hiss ;
Lo, the great man scorns it all ;
Lo, the wise man makes it miss :
Lo, the good man greets your gall
With a kind forgiving kiss !

Brothers ! who have nobly earn'd
Thanks and praise at least from man,
If your good with scorn is spurn'd,
And your blessing met by ban,
Brothers ! heed we not their hate
Who would harm but never can,—
With the wise, the good, the great,
Let us conquer in the van !

The Moon and Moonshine.

UPON a slumbering lake at night
The moon looks down in love,
And there in chaste'n'd beauty bright
A sister sphere of silver light
Seems bathing from above.

Anon, an evil man comes near,
And a rude stone he flings,
Half in hate and half in fear,
To crush the calm accusing sphere
That looks such lovely things.

He flung, and struck ; and in swift race
Round ran the startled waves ;
He triumph'd for a little space ;
But see ! how soon that same calm face
Again her beauty laves.

So, friend, if envy hits thy name,
Be still, it passes soon ;
Thy lamp is burning all the same,
And, even for that moonshine Fame,
It must reflect its Moon.

Self-Possession.

WHIRLING, eddying, ebbing Present,
 Foamy tide of strife and noise,
 Mingled-bitter, mingled-pleasant,
 Loves and worries, cares and joys,—
 O ye changing chancing furies!
 Calmly doth my Mind forecast
 How your restless spirit merges
 In the Future and the Past!

Lo, I stand your master-pilot;
 Though the cataracts be near,
 Safe I swing round rock or islet,
 Strong and still, and god-like Here!
 Stout I stand, and sway the tiller
 Through these rapids glancing down,
 While the very flood flows stiller,
 Frozen by my monarch-frown!

O'er the rock-entangled shallows
 Staunch I steer, adown the stream;
 And the Past the Present hallows
 With its melancholy dream,—
 And the Future, nearing surely
 Like Niagara's cliff ahead,
 Steadily I reach, securely
 As a child that feels no dread!

56 *Complaint of an Ancient Briton.*

Yea, though Earth be torn afunder,—
Or the secret heart be vexed,—
Though with elemental thunder
Or by petty cares perplexed,
Still I stand, and rule the riot ;
Still my deep calm soul is blest
With its own imperial quiet,
The sublimity of Rest !

For, a staunch and stalwart true man,
Fearing God, and none beside,—
Nothing more, nor less, than human,
Nothing human can betide
That may disenthroned a spirit
Doom'd to reign in Time's decay,
Grandly fated to inherit
Endless peace in endless Day !

The Complaint of an Ancient Briton,

DISINTERRED BY ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Two thousand years ago
They heap'd my battle-grave,
And each a tear and each a stone
My mourning warriors gave ;

For I had borne me well,
And fought as patriots fight,
Till, like a British chief, I fell
Contending for the right.
Seam'd with many a wound,
All weakly did I lie ;
My foes were dead or dying round,—
And thus I joy'd to die !
For their marauding crew
Came treacherously to kill,—
The many came against the few
To storm our sacred hill.
We battled, and we bled,
We won, and paid the price,
For I, the chief, lay down with the dead
A willing sacrifice !
My liegemen wail'd me long,
And treasured up my bones,
And rear'd my kist secure and strong
With tributary stones :
High on the breezy down,
My native hill's own breast,
Nigh to the din of mine ancient town,
They left me to my rest.
I hoped for peace and calm
Until my judgment hour,
And then to awake for the victor's palm
And patriot's throne of power !
And lo ! till this dark day
Did men my grave revere ;
Two thousand years had passed away,
And still I slumber'd here :

But now there broke a noise
Upon my silent home,
'Twas not the Resurrection voice
That burst my turfy tomb,—
But men of prying mind,
Alas, my fellow men,
Ravage my grave, my bones to find,
With sacrilegious ken !
Mine honour doth abjure
Your new barbarian race ;
Restore, restore my bones secure
To some more sacred place !
With mattock and with spade
Ye dare to break my rest ;
The pious mound is all unmade
My clan had counted blest ;
Take, take my buckler's boss,
My sword, and spear, and chain,—
Steal all you can of this world's dross,
But—rest my bones again !
I know your modern boast
Is light, and learning's spread,—
Learn of a Celt to show them most
In honour to the Dead !

Farley Heath.

MANY a day have I wiled away
 Upon hopeful Farley Heath,
 In its antique soil digging for spoil
 Of possible treasure beneath ;
 For celts, and querns, and funereal urns,
 And rich red Samian ware,
 And sculptured stones and centurions' bones
 May all lie buried there !

How calmly serene, and glad have I been
 From morn till eve to stay,
 My men, no ferfs, turning the turfs
 The happy livelong day ;
 With eye still bright, and hope yet alight,
 Wistfully watching the mould,
 As the spade brings up fragments of things
 Fifteen centuries old !

Pleasant and rare it was to be there
 On a joyous day of June,
 With the circling scene all gay and green
 Steep'd in the silent noon ;
 When beauty distils from the calm glad hills,—
 From the downs and dimpling vales ;
 And every grove, lazy with love,
 Whispereth tenderest tales !

O then to look back upon Time's old track,
And dream of the days long past,
When Rome leant here on his sentinel spear
And loud was the clarion's blast—
As wild and shrill from Martyrs' Hill
Echoed the patriot shout,
Or rush'd pell-mell with a midnight yell
The rude barbarian rout !

Yes ; every stone has a tale of its own,
A volume of old lore ;
And this white sand from many a brand
Has polish'd gouts of gore ;
When Holmbury-height had its beacon light,
And Cantii held old Leith,
And Rome stood then with his iron men
On ancient Farley Heath !

How many a group of that exiled troop
Have here sung songs of home,
Chanting aloud to a wondering crowd
The glories of old Rome !
Or lying at length have bask'd their strength
Amid this heather and gorse,
Or down by the well in the larch-grown dell
Water'd the black war-horse !

Look, look ! my day-dream right ready would seem
The past with the present to join,—
For see ! I have found in this rare ground
An eloquent green old coin,

With turquoise rust on its Emperor's bust—
Some Cæsar, august Lord,
And the legend terse, and the classic reverse,
“Victory, valour's reward!”—

Victory—yes! and happiness,
Kind comrade, to me and to you,
When such rich spoil has crown'd our toil
And proved the day-dream true;
With hearty acclaim how we hail'd by his name
The Cæsar of that coin,
And told with a shout his titles out,
And drank his health in wine!

And then how blest the noon-day rest
Reclin'd on a grassy bank,
With hungry cheer and the brave old beer,
Better than Odin drank;
And the secret balm of the spirit at calm,
And poetry, hope, and health,—
Ay, have I not found in that rare ground
A mine of more than wealth!

St. Martha's,

NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY.

HOLY precinct, mount of God,
 Where saints have bled and pilgrims trod,
 Martyrs' Hill—thy nobler name,
 Martyrs' Hill—thy fairer fame
 Than as call'd of her, whose heart
 Chose but late that better part,—
 Unto thee my praise I bring,
 Thee my soul delights to sing.

Lo, the glorious landscape round !
 Tread we not enchanted ground ?
 From this bold and breezy height
 The charm'd eye sends its eagle flight
 O'er the panoramic scene,
 Undulating, rich, and green ;
 And with various pleasure roves
 From hill and dale, to fields and groves,
 Till the prospect mingling grey
 With the horizon fades away,
 Shutting in the distant view
 By fainter lines of glimmering blue.
 Start we from the warm South-East ;
 Spread the fine pictorial feast :

There the landmark tower of Leith
Sentinels its purple heath ;
Nearer, Holmbury's moated hill,
Highden-ball, and Ewhurst mill,
Dewy Hascomb's fir-fring'd knoll,
Hind-head, and the Devil's Bowl,
With peeps of far South-downs between
Seaward closing up the scene.

Like a thunder-cloud, beneath
Stretches drear the broad Blackheath :
Scatter'd coins have seal'd the sod
A classic site that Rome has trod,
Field of many a desperate strife
For conquest, liberty, or life,
When the legion's fullen tramp
Echoed oft from Farley-camp,
And some Cæsar's ruthless sword
Reap'd the rude barbarian horde,
Britons, patriots, free brave men,
But unkill'd to conquer—then.

Turn we to this woodland shade,
Beyond the Hanger's hazel glade :
Ah ! 'tis sad, though little strange,
That times, and things, and men should change ;
Sad, though little strange to see
Albury, such sad change in thee.
Thou wert in my infant dreams,
My childish pranks, my school-day schemes ;
My heart's young home, my pride and praise ;
Playground of my boyish days ;

Link'd with learning, goodness, truth,
To the story of my youth;
Mix'd with hope's romantic plan,
And loved,—now years have made me man.
But, the brightness of thy praise
Perish'd with those early days,—
Thy sweet prime, too fair to last,
Spring-like came, and smiled, and past;
And I note, adown the Vale,
Thy good angel wandering pale,
With folded wing and tearful eye
Mourning for the days gone by;
Now, like some white wounded deer
Hiding in the greenwood here;
Now, beside that old church, faint
Leaning, like a dying faint.

Away: regard we yet again
Nature's beauty,—and her bane:
Alas! that man should e'er intrude
Where all but he are glad and good,—
Alas, for yonder fairy glen,
Nature's Eden, vex'd with men!
Mammon, from those long white mills
With foggy steam the prospect fills;
Chimneys red with sulphurous smoke
Blight these hanging groves of oak;
And sylvan Quiet's gentle scenes
Lift—to the clatter of machines.
Yet more; in yonder rural dell,
Where sylphs and fauns might love to dwell,

Among those alders, by the stream
Stealing on with silver gleam,
Blacken'd huts, set wide apart,
Grind their dark grain for murder's mart,
Or, bursting with explosive might,
Rage, and roar, and blast, and blight.

Enough, enough of toilsome Art ;
Fresh sweet Nature woos thy heart :
Gaze, then, on this western plain,
A woody, various, rich champaign ;
Each in its hollow nestling down,
The farm, the village, or the town ;
Field on field, and grove on grove,
Wave-like, far as eye can rove,
Till intersecting lines of hill
The blue horizon faintly fill.

And, while thy spirit praises Earth,
Its precious gifts, its wealth and worth,
Forget not thou this glorious Sky,
Oh ! lift thine eyes, thy heart on high ;
Forget not Him, whose mercy gave
All the good we hope, or have ;
Him, whose Presence, far and near,
Man's best wisdom learns to fear
Where above the green glad world
Heaven's banners float unfurl'd,
Gorgeous in each mighty fold
Bathed in black, or fringed with gold ;
Or, as clouds of fleecy white
Sail in seas of azure light ;

Or, as streamers hurrying by
Tell of tempests in the Sky ;
Or, like snow-clad mountains, stand
Giant wardens of the Land.

Earthward once again ; the North !
Draw its good, its evil forth :
Mile beyond mile of waving field,
Rare to see, and rich to yield ;
The frequent village round its spire ;
The snug domain of rural squire ;
Yon dusky tract of Waste and Moss ;
That iron roadway drawn across ;
Windfor, throned o'er half the land ;
And gambling Epfom's far-famed Stand ;
While the dim distance in a shroud
Is wrapp'd by London's smoky cloud.

Near us, Guildford's ancient town
Between the hills is hiding down ;
Decent Guildford, clean and steep,
Ranged about its castle-keep,
Relic of departed power,
Grey and crumbling square old tower.
Like some warder at his post
Honest Booker's lofty boast,
Fine and feudal, flames outright
Pewley's telegraphic height,
While it overtops with pride
All the vassal scene beside,
And, above that verdant swell,
Sainted Catharine's Gothic cell.

Westward thence, a narrow track,
Stretches far the bare Hog's-back :
Ridging up, with hilly fides,
Lo, the bristling boar divides
Right and left a kindred scene,
Purple moors and meadows green,
Or those seeming-vineyards wide,
Farnham's wealth, and Surrey's pride.

Forth from Merrow's happy plain
And noble Clandon's rich domain,
Newland's heights, and Combe beyond,
And nutty Sherborne's crystal pond,
Eastward to the landscape's end
The sloping chalky Downs extend,
Primal still, by man untamed,
Fresh, unbounded, unreclaim'd ;
Now a lawn of herbage sweet
Smooth as velvet to the feet,
Now a jungle, matted dense,
A wilderness of briar-fence ;
Here, an earthwork, fosse and mound ;
There, a race-course curving round ;
Hollow'd pits, where in old times
Bad marauders hid their crimes :
Sad sepulchral groves of yew
Solemn ranged in order due,
Seeming of primeval birth,
Solid as the ribs of earth,
Where white Druids, years of yore,
Roam'd those myftic circles o'er,

Or calm kneeling on the sod
Wifely worshipp'd Nature's God.

Yes, modern ; would thy pride condemn
Or shall thy wisdom pity them ?
They built no prisons for—the poor,
Freely fed from door to door ;
Their foolish mercy did not strive
To give the least that keeps alive,
Their charity fought not to know
How little poor men need below.
But thou,—what means yon human pound,
Brick'd and barr'd, and well wall'd round ?
But that to thy shame and scorn
Penal poverty may mourn
How ill-christen'd liberals prove
Words by deeds, and faith by love :
For here, unpitied, spurn'd, alone,
The British slave must grind and groan,
Torn from children, friends, and wife,
And buried in the midst of life.

O Man ! thy love is chill and small ;
O Nature ! thou art kind to all :
This full wide theatre of views
Bathed in Autumn's rainbow hues
Recreates my freshen'd sight
Soft with shade, and rich with light,
And, saved from thoughts of pride and pelf,
Restores me to my cheerful self.

Let then a lateborn son of Time
Shadow forth the Past sublime,

And while, the greenward laid along,
He weaves his meditative song,
Tell what various tribes have trod
With various hopes this ancient fod.
The painted Briton, long of yore,
Hunting down the wolf or boar ;
The Roman watcher, posted here
Leaning on his iron spear ;
The fair-hair'd Angle, piling high
Beacon-fires against the sky ;
With vulture-eyes the hungry Dane
Gloating o'er the fertile plain ;
Patriot Saxons, who withstood
The Norman, conquering for good ;
Monks, to bless with book and bell ;
Crusaders, bidding all farewell ;
Footfore Pilgrims, hither come
Midway from St. Becket's tomb ;
Roundheads, chanting rebel prayers ;
Gay, devoted Cavaliers ;
Rustics, on the Sabbath-day
Duly toiling up to pray ;
Mourners, weeping round the bier
Brought for humble burial here ;
And thousands more, in dresses quaint,
Than tongue can tell, or pencil paint,
Have laugh'd, or wept, or fought their fill,
Or lived, or died, on Martyrs' Hill.

Martyrs' Hill !—before my mind
Rise the triumphs of Mankind !

Martyrs' Hill!—and to my thought
Back the crimes of men are brought :
Yea : for on this sacred sod
Doubtless perish'd saints of God,
And Elijah's chariot came
Mingling with the martyrs' flame,
To bear them from that awestruck crowd
In robes of light, on thrones of cloud.

Then, the seed of holy blood
Gave its hundredfold of good ;
Barbarians heard, and thought, and felt,
Glow'd, admired, and mourn'd, and knelt ;
Their very murderers came in fear
To bless the fainted victims here ;
Penitent, with zealous haste
Aloft the rustic temple placed,
Keyless arches, rough and round,
Spanning high the blood-stain'd ground,
Of iron sandstone rudely built,
Memorial of their grief—and guilt.

Thereafter, Newark's princely priest
Added all this Gothic East,—
The modest choir and transepts twain,
Fitting well the Christian fane,
Windows, deck'd in colours rich,
The pointed arch and florid niche, —
Contrast to yon Saxon nave,
That simply mark'd the martyr's grave.

Swept along Fate's rolling tide
Generations lived, and died,

Thronging in succession there
With the sacrifice of prayer :
And a Martha's dubious name
Half eclipsed that better fame,
Symbol of degenerate years
When earth usurps our hopes and fears.
Ages came and ages past ;
Till the flood of Time at last
Wafted on the modern race,
Loving gain, and hating grace :
So we draw to thy decay
Silent ruin of to-day,
An evil day of evil deeds,
Selfish sects and wrangling creeds,
When faith is dead, and zeal grown cold,
And churches can be bought and sold,
Or left a prey to rot and rain,
For lack of grace, and lust of gain.

Ruin, I have loved thee long,
And owed for years this humble song ;
While I pay the grateful debt,
Hear me one petition yet.
When in God's good time and way,
I wake upon my dying day,
Should I still beneath thee dwell,
As my spirit sighs farewell,
Let the shadows from thy wall
Be my hallow'd funeral pall ;
Let no city's close churchyard
Steal from thee thy native bard ;

But where now I careless lie
 Make me welcome when I die :
 On this thyme-enamell'd height
 Let me bid the world good-night ;
 Sacred to my memory be
 All the scene that circles thee ;
 And plant o'er me, in goodwill,
 A plain stone cross on Martyrs' Hill.

Sloth.

"A LITTLE more sleep, a little more slumber,
 A little more folding the hands to sleep,"
 For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,
 Over my mind are beginning to creep,—
 Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured
 By your wild whispers, my Fanciful train,
 And, like a linnet, be carelessly captured
 In the soft nets of my beautiful brain.

Touch not these curtains!—your hand will be tearing
 Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things;—
 Call me not!—your cruel voice will be scaring
 Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings :
 Leave me, O leave me ! for in your rude presence
 Nothing of all my bright world can remain,—
 Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasure,
 Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain !

Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,
Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,
Leave me to peace,—let me husband enjoyment,
This is the heart and the marrow of life !
For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures
Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,
Lazily listening the musical measures
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain !

Hush,—for the halo of calmness is spreading
Over my spirit as mild as a dove ;
Hush,—for the angel of comfort is shedding
Over my body his vial of love ;
Hush,—for new slumbers are over me stealing,
Thus would I court them again and again,
Hush,—for my heart is intoxicate,—reeling
In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain !

Activity.

OPEN the casement, and up with the Sun !
His gallant journey is just begun ;
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,
Banner'd with glory, and burnish'd with gold,
Over the hills he comes sublime,
Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time !

Day hath broken, joyous and fair ;
Fragrant and fresh is the morning air,—
Beauteous and bright those orient hues,
Balmy and sweet these early dews ;
Oh, there is health, and wealth, and bliss
In dawning Nature's motherly kifs !

Lo, the wondering world awakes,
With its rosy-tipp'd mountains and gleaming lakes,
With its fields and cities, deserts and trees,
Its calm old cliffs, and its founding seas,
In all their gratitude blessing HIM
Who dwelleth between the Cherubim !

Break away boldly from Sleep's leaden chain ;
Seek not to forge that fetter again ;
Rather with vigour and resolute nerve,
Up, up, to bless man, and thy Master to serve,
Thankful and hopeful, and happy to raise
The offering of prayer, and the incense of praise !

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,
Duty's Christian sentinel !
Sloth and Slumber never had part
In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart ;
Soldier of GOD on an enemy's shore !
Slumber and sloth thrall *thee* no more.

Adventure.

How gladly would I wander through some strange and
savage land,
The lasso at my saddle-bow, the rifle in my hand,
A leash of gallant mastiffs bounding by my side,
And, for a friend to love, the noble horse on which I
ride !

Alone, alone—yet not alone, for God is with me there,
The tender hand of Providence shall guide me every-
where,
While happy thoughts and holy hopes, as spirits calm
and mild,
Shall fan with their sweet wings the hermit-hunter of
the wild !

Without a guide,—yet guided well,—young, buoyant,
fresh, and free,
Without a road,—yet all the land a highway unto me,
Without a care, without a fear, without a grief or pain,
Exultingly I thread the woods, or gallop o'er the plain !

Or, brushing through the copse, from his leafy home I
start
The stately elk, or tusky boar, the bison, or the hart,

And then, with eager spur, to scour, away, away,
Nor stop, until my dogs have brought the glorious brute
to bay!

Or, if the gang of hungry wolves come yelling on my
track,
I make my ready rifle speak, and scare the cowards back;
Or, if the lurking leopard's eyes among the branches
shine,
A touch upon the trigger—and his spotted skin is mine!

And then the hunter's savoury fare at tranquil eventide,
The dappled deer I shot to-day upon the green hill-side:
My feasted hounds are slumbering round beside the
watercourse,
And plenty of sweet prairie-grass for thee, my noble
horse.

Hift! hift! I heard some prowler snarling in the wood;
I seized my knife and trusty gun, and face to face we
stood!
The Grizzly Bear came rushing on,—and, as he rush'd,
he fell!
Hie at him, dogs! my rifle has done its duty well!

Hie at him, dogs! one bullet cannot kill a foe so grim;
The God of battles nerve a Man to grapple now with
him,—
And straight between his hugging arms I plunge my
whetted knife,
Ha—ha! it splits his iron heart, and drinks the ruddy
life!

Frantic fruggles—welling blood—the strife is almost
o'er,—

The shaggy monster, feebly panting, wallows in his
gore,—

Here, lap it hot, my gallant hounds,—the blood of foes
is sweet ;

Here, gild withal your dewlapp'd throats, and wash your
brawny feet !

So, shall we beard those tyrants in their dens another
day,

Nor tamely wait, with slavish fear, their coming in
the way :

And pleasant thoughts of peace and home shall fill our
dreams to-night,

For lo, the God of battles has help'd us in the fight !

The Song of Sixteen.

Who shall guess what I may be ?

Who can tell my fortune to me ?

For, bravest and brightest that ever was sung

May be—and shall be—the lot of the young !

Hope, with her prizes and victories won,

Shines in the blaze of my morning sun,

Conquering Hope, with golden ray,

Blessing my landscape far away ;

All my meadows and hills are green,
And rippling waters glance between,—
All my skies are rosy bright,
Laughing in triumph at yester-night :

My heart, my heart within me swells,
Panting, and stirring its hundred wells ;—
For youth is a noble seed that springs
Into the flower of heroes and kings !

Rich in the present, though poor in the past,
I yearn for the future, vague and vast ;
And lo ! what treasure of glorious things
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings ;

Pleasures are there, like dropping balms,
And glory and honour with chaplets and palms.
And mind well at ease, and gladness, and health,
A river of peace, and a mine of wealth !

Away with your counsels, and hinder me not,—
On, on let me press to my brilliant lot !
Young and strong, and sanguine and free,
How knowest thou what I may be ?

Forty.

Alas, poor youth ! in pitiful truth,
Thy pride must feel a fall, poor youth :
What thou shalt be well have I seen,—
Thou shalt be only what others have been.

Haply, within a few swift years,
A mind bow'd down with troubles and fears,
The commonest drudge of men and things,
Instead of your—conquering heroes and kings ;

Haply, to follies an early wreck,—
For the cloud of presumption is now like a speck,
And with a whelming, sudden sweep
The storm of temptation roars over the deep ;

Lower the sails of pride, rash youth,—
Stand to the lowly tiller of truth ;
Quick, or your limber bark shall be
The sport of the winds on a stormy sea !

Care and peril in lieu of joy,—
Guilt and dread may be thine, proud boy :
Lo, thy mantling chalice of life
Is foaming with sorrow, and sickness, and strife ;

Cheated by pleasure, and fated with pain,—
Watching for honour, and watching in vain,—

Aching in heart, and ailing in head,
Wearily earning daily bread.

—It is well. I discern a tear on thy cheek :
It is well,—thou art humbled, and silent, and meek :
Now,—courage again ! and, with peril to cope,
Gird thee with vigour, and helm thee with hope !

For life, good youth, hath never an ill
Which hope cannot scatter, and faith cannot kill ;
And stubborn realities never shall bind
The free-spreading wings of a cheerful mind.

The Song of Seventy.

I AM not old—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wafted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men :

I am not old ; though friends and foes
Alike have gone down to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves :

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and grey ;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten.

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they call'd me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shrivell'd, and haggard, and grey,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding-day:

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then:

And, as my own grandson rides on my knee
Or plays with his hoop or kite,—
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since,—it cannot be long,—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream,—it is all a dream !

A strange, sad dream, good sooth ;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth :

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, for ever young :

For ever young,—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung ;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young !

“ *My Mind to me a Kingdom is.* ”

EUREKA ! this is truth sublime,
Defying change, out-wrestling time—
Eureka ! well that truth is told,
Wifely spake the bard of old—
Eureka ! there is peace and praise
In this short and simple phrase,
A sea of comforts, wide and deep,
Wherein my conscious soul to steep,
A hoard of happy-making wealth
To doat on, miserly, by stealth,
Through Time my reason's ripest fruit,
For all Eternity its root,

Earth's harvest, and the seed of heaven,
To me, to me, by mercy given !

Yes, Eureka !—I have found it,
And before the world will found it ;
This remains, and still shall stay
When life's gauds have passed away,
This, of old my treasure-truth,
The bosom joy that warm'd my youth,
My happiness in manhood's prime,
My triumph down the stream of time
Till death shall lull this heart in age,
A deathless glory crown my page,
My grace-born truth and treasure this,—
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Noble solace, true and strong,
Great reward for human wrong,
With an inward blessing still
To compensate all earthly ill,
To recompense for adverse fates,
Woes, or wants, or scorns, or hates ;
To cherish, after man's neglect,
When foes deride, and friends suspect,
To soothe and bless the spirit bow'd
Down by the selfish and the proud,
To lift the soul above this scene
Of petty troubles trite and mean,
Oh ! there is moral might in this,—
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”
Carve it deep, with letters bold,
In the imperishable gold,

Grave it on some primal rock
That hath stood the earthquake shock,
Make that word a citizen
Dwelling in the hearts of men,
Stamp it on the printed page,
Sound it on the ears of age,
Gladden sympathizing youth
With the soft music of this truth,
This echo'd note of heavenly bliss,—
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Ay, chide or scorn,—I will be proud,—
I am not of the common crowd ;
No serf is here to outward things,—
He rules with chiefs ! he reigns with kings !
Tell out thy secret joys, my mind,
Free and fearless as the wind,
And pour the triumphs of the soul
In words that like a river roll,
Foaming on with vital force
From their ever-gushing source,
Fountains of truth, that overwhelm
With swollen streams this royal realm,
And in Nilotic richness steep
My heart's Thebaid, rank and deep !
Or bolder, as my thoughts inspire,
Change that water into fire !
From the vext bowels of my soul
Lava currents roar and roll,
Bursting out in torrent wide
Through my crater's ragged side,

Rushing on from field to field,
Till all with boiling stone is seal'd,
And my hot thoughts, in language pent,
Stand their own granite monument !

Yes ! all the elements are mine,
To crush, create, dissolve, combine,—
All mine,—the confidence is just,
On God I ground my high-born trust
To stand, when pole is rent from pole,
Calm in my majesty of soul,
Watching the throes of this wreck'd world
When from their thrones the Alps are hurl'd,
When fire consumes earth, sea, and air,
To stand, unharm'd, undaunted there,
And grateful still to boast in this,—
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Brother poet, dead so long,
Heed these echoes to thy song,
And love me now, where'er thou art,
Yearning with magnetic heart
From thy throne in some bright sphere
On this poor brother, grovelling here :
For I too, I, can stoutly sing
I am every inch a king !
A King of Thought, a Potentate
Of glorious spiritual state,
A king of Thought, a king of Mind,
Realms unmapp'd and undefined,—
A King ! beneath no man's control,
Invested with a royal soul,

Crown'd by God's imperial hand
Before Him as a King to stand,
And by His wisdom train'd and taught
To rule my realms as King of Thought.

O thoughts! how ill my fellow-men,—
O thoughts! how scanty my poor pen
Can guess or tell the myriad host
Wherewith you crowd my kingdom's coast!
For I am hemm'd and throng'd about
With your triumphant rabble rout,
Hurried along by that mad flood,
The joy-excited multitude,
A conqueror, borne upon the foam
Of his great people's gladness home,
A monarch in his grandest state,
On whom a thousand thousand wait!
Lo! they come—my Tribes of Thought,
Fierce and flush'd and fever-fraught!
From the horizon all around
I hear with pride their coming sound;
See! their banners circling near,—
Glittering groves of shield and spear,
Flying clouds of troopers gay,
Serried lines in dark array,
Veterans calm with temper'd sword,
And a dishevel'd frantic horde,—
On they come with furious force,
Tramping foot, and thundering horse,
On they come, converging loud,
With clanging arms, a glorious crowd,

Shouting impatient, fierce and free,
For me their Monarch, yea, for me !

Then, in my majesty and power,
I quell the madness of the hour,
Bid that tumultuous turmoil cease,
And frown my multitudes to peace.
Each to his peril and his post !
All hush'd throughout my mighty host :
Courage clear, and duty stern,—
Heads that freeze and hearts that burn ;
Marshall'd straight in order due,
Legions ! pass in swift review,
Bending to my blazon'd Will,
Loyal to that standard fill,
And hailing me with homage then
King of Thoughts—and thus, of Men ?

What ? am I powerless to control
Nations by my single soul ?
What ? have I not made thousands thrill
By the mere impulse of my will,
When the strong Thought goes forth, and binds
Captive a wondering herd of minds ?
And is not this to reign alone,
More than the ermine and the throne,
The jewell'd state, the gilded rooms,
The mindless jay in peacock plumes ?
Yes,—if the inmate soul outweighs
Its dull clay house in power and praise,
Yes,—if Eternity be true,
And Time both false and fleeting too,

Then, humbler kings, my boast be this,
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

And what, though weak and slow of speech,
Ill to comfort, dull to teach ?
What, though hiding from the ken
Of my small prying fellow-men,—
Still within my musing mind
Wisdom's secret stores I find,
And, little noticed, sweetly feed
On hidden manna, meat indeed,
Blessed thoughts I never told,
Unconfider'd, uncontroll'd,
Rushing by as thick and fast
As autumn leaves upon the blast,
Or better like the gracious rain
Dropping on some thirsty plain.
And is not this to be a king,
To carry in my heart a spring
Of ceaseless pleasures, deep and pure,
Wealth cannot buy, nor power procure ?
Yea,—by the poet's artless art,
And the sweet searchings of his heart,
By his unknown unheeded bliss,—
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Place me on some desert shore
Foot of man ne'er wander'd o'er ;
Lock me in a lonely cell
Beneath some prison citadel ;
Still, here or there, within I find
My quiet kingdom of the Mind :

Nay,—mid the tempest fierce and dark,
Float me on peril's frailest bark,
My quenchless soul could sit and think
And smile at danger's dizziest brink :
And wherefore ?—GOD, my GOD, is still
King of kings in good and ill,
And where He dwelleth—everywhere—
Safety supreme and peace are there ;
And where He reigneth—all around—
Wisdom, and love, and power are found,
And reconciled to Him and bliss,
“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Thus for my days ; each waking hour
Grand with majesty and power,
Every minute rich in treasure,
Gems of peace, and pearls of pleasure.
And for my nights—those wondrous nights !
How manifold my Mind's delights,
When the young truant, gladly caught
In his own labyrinths of thought,
Finds there another realm to range,
The dynasties of Chance and Change.
O dreams,—what know I not of dreams ?
Their name, their very essence, seems
A tender light, not dark nor clear,
A sad sweet mystery wild and dear,
A dull soft feeling unexplain'd,
A lie half true, a truth half feign'd ;
O dreams,—what know I not of dreams ?
When Reason, with inebriate gleams,

Looses from his wife control
The prancing Fancies of the soul,
And sober Judgment, slumbering still,
Sets free Caprice to guide the Will.
Within one night have I not spent
Years of adventurous banishment,
Strangely groping like the blind
In the dark caverns of my mind?
Have I not dwelt, from eve till morn,
Lifetimes in length for praise or scorn,
With fancied joys, ideal woes,
And all sensation's warmest glows,
Wondrously thus expanding Life
Through seeming scenes of peace or strife,
Until I verily reign sublime,
A great creative king of Time?
And there are people, things, and places,
Usual themes, familiar faces,
A second life, that looks as real
As this dull world's own unideal,
Another life of dreams by night,
That, still forgotten, wanes in light,
Yet seems itself to wake and sleep,
And in that sleep dreams doubly deep,
While those same dreams may dream anon,
Tangled mazes wandering on!
Yes; I have often, weak and worn,
Feebly waked at earliest morn,
As a shipwreck'd sailor, toft
By the wild waves on some rough coast,
Of perils past remembering nought
But some dim cataracts of thought,

And only roused betimes to know
That yesterday seems years ago !
And I can apprehend full well
What old Pythagoras could tell
Of other scenes, and other climes,
And other Selfs in other times ;
For, oft my consciousness has reel'd
With scores of " Richmonds in the field,"
As, multiform, with no surprise,
I see myself in other guise,
And wonderless walk side by side
With mine own soul, self-multiplied !
If it be royal then to reign
Over an infinite domain,
If it be more than monarch can
To lengthen out the life of man,
Yea, if a godlike thing it be
To revel in ubiquity,
Is there but empty boast in this,—
" My mind to me a kingdom is ? "

—Peace, rash fool ; be proud no more,
Count thy faults and follies o'er,
Turn aside, and note within
Thy secret charnel-house of Sin,
Thy bitter heart, thy covetous mind,
Evil thoughts, and words unkind :
Can so foul and mean a thing
Reign a spiritual King ?
Art thou not—yea, thou, myself,
In hope a slave to pride and self ?

Art thou not,—yea thou, my mind,
Weak and naked, poor and blind ?
Yea, be humble, yea, be still ;
Meekly bow that rebel Will ;
Seek not selfishly for praise ;
Go more softly all thy days ;
For to thee belongs no power,
Wretched insect of an hour,—
And if God, in bounteous dole,
Hath grafted life upon thy foul,
Know thou, there is out of Him
Nor light in mind, nor might in limb ;
And, but for One, who from the grave
Of sin and death stood forth to save,
Thy mind, that royal mind of thine,
So great, ambitious, and divine,
Would but a root of anguish be,
A madness and a misery,
A bitter fear, a hideous care
All too terrible to bear,
Kingly,—but king of pains and woes,
The sceptred slave to throbs and throes.

Justly then, my God, to Thee,
My royal soul shall bend the knee,—
My royal soul, Thy glorious breath,
By Thee set free from guilt and death,
Before Thy majesty bows down,
Offering the homage of my crown,
Well pleased to sing in better bliss,
“ My God to me a kingdom is.”

Threnos.

VANITY, vanity ! dead hopes and fears,
 Dim flitting phantoms of departed years,
 Unsatisfying shadows, vague and cold,
 Of thoughts and things that made my joys of old,
 Sad memories of the kindly words and ways
 And looks and loves of friends in other days,—
 Alas ! all gone,—a dream, a very dream,
 A dream is all you are, and all you seem !

O life ! I do forget thee : I look back,
 And lo, the desert wind has swept my track :
 I stand upon this bare and solid ground
 And, strangely waken'd, wonder all around ;
 How came I here ? and whence ? and whither tend ?
 Speak, friend !—if death and time have spared a friend :
 Behold, the place that knew me well of yore
 Knoweth me not : and that familiar floor
 Where all my kith and kin were wont to meet
 Is now grown strange, and throng'd by other feet.

O soul ! my soul, consider thou that spot,
 Root there thy gratitude, and leave it not ;
 Still let remembrance, with a swimming eye,
 Live in those rooms, nor pass them coldly by ;
 Still let affection cling to those old days,
 And, yearning fondly, paint them bright with praise :

O once my home—with all thy blessings fled !
O forms and faces—gather'd to the dead !
O scenes of joy and sorrow—faded fast !
—How hollow sound thy footsteps, ghostlike PAST !
An aching emptiness is all thou art,
A famine hid within the cavern'd heart.

Thou changeless ONE,—how blest to have no change,—
Only with Thee, my GOD, I feel not strange :
Thou art the same for ever and for aye,—
To-morrow and to-day as yesterday,
Thou art the same,—a tranquil Present still ;
There I can hide, and bless Thy sovereign will :
Yea, bless Thee, O my Father ! that Thy love
Call'd in an instant to the bliss above
From ills to come and grief and care and fear
Thy type to me, most honour'd and most dear !
O true and tender spirit, pure and good,
So vext on earth and little understood,
Thy gentle nature was not fit for strife,
But quail'd to meet the waking woes of life ;
And therefore God our Father kindly made
Thy sleep a death, lest thou shouldst feel afraid !

The Dead.

I LOVE the dead !
The precious spirits gone before,
And waiting on that peaceful shore
To meet with welcome looks
and kiss me yet once more.

I love the dead !
And fondly doth my fancy paint
Each dear one, wash'd from earthly taint,
By patience and by hope
made a most gentle faint.

O glorious dead !
Without one spot upon the drefs
Of your ethereal loveliness,
Ye linger round me still
with earnest will to bless.

Enfranchis'd dead !
Each fault and failing left behind,
And nothing now to chill or bind,
How gloriously ye reign
in majesty of mind !

O royal dead !
The resting, free, unfetter'd dead,
The yearning, conscicus, holy dead,
The hoping, waiting, calm,
the happy, changeless dead !

I love the dead !
And well forget their little ill,
Eager to bask my memory still
In all their best of words
and deeds and ways and will.

I blefs the dead !
Their good, half choked by this world's weeds,
Is blooming now in heavenly meads,
And ripening golden fruit
of all those early feeds.

I trust the dead !
They understand me frankly now,
There are no clouds on heart or brow,
But spirit, reading spirit,
answereth glow for glow.

I praise the dead !
All their tears are wiped away,
Their darknefs turn'd to perfect day,—
How blessed are the dead,
how beautiful be they !

O gracious dead !
That watch me from your paradise
With happy tender starlike eyes,
Let your sweet influence rain
me blessings from the skies.

Yet, helpless dead,
Vainly my yearning nature dares
Such unpremeditated prayers ;
All vain it were for them :
as even for me theirs.

Immortal dead !
Ye in your lot are fix'd as fate,
And man or angel is too late
To beckon back by prayer
 one change upon your state.

O godlike dead,
Ye that do rest, like Noah's dove,
Fearless I leave you to the love
Of Him who gave you peace
 to bear with you above !

And ye, the dead,
Godless on earth, and gone astray,
Alas, your hour is past away,—
The Judge is just ; for you
 it now were sin to pray.

Still, all ye dead,
First may be last and last be first,—
Charity counteth no man curst,
But hopeth still in Him
 whose love would save the worst.

Therefore, ye dead,
I love you, be ye good or ill,
For God, our God, doth love me still,
And you He loved on earth
 with love that nought could chill.

And some, just dead,
To me on earth most deeply dear,
Who loved and nursed and blest me here,
I love you with a love
 that casteth out all fear :

Come near me, Dead !
 In spirit come to me, and kiss,—
 No !—I must wait awhile for this :
 A few few years or days,
 and I, too, feed on bliss !

A Memorial Window

FOR THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

HONOUR and Arms ! The seals of Grace
 Upon this oriel glow :
 Arms, as when brothers may embrace,
 And not to fight a foe ;
 The arms of peace, heraldic arms,
 With blazon richly dight,
 Made gorgeous with chivalric charms,
 And gilt with glory's light.

Honour and Arms ! O brethren dear,
 I see your flashing eyes,
 I feel your true hearts hurrying near
 From all outlandish skies,
 To bask one hour in one dear spot,
 The kernel of your love,
 In poor old England unforgot,
 The blest of God above !

Centre of all, Britannia's shield
In praise unfulled shines,
Rose, shamrock, thistle round its field,
A wreath of beauty twines ;
Sweet Erin's harp of melody,
With Scotia's canton fair,
And thine own royal lions three
Majestic roaming there.

Next, to thy right, a mighty son,
A stalwart giant grown,
A wanton and a truant one,
Yet a dear child to own !
The sturdy stripes,—the glittering stars,
Long may they blaze above,
Not on the bloody helm of Mars,
But in the crown of love !

Nearer thy heart another stands,
A twin, but one in two,
And bringing homage with both hands
From one wide heart most true ;
Stern Caledonia's thistle praise
Reveals her hardy child,
Where Canada's mild beaver strays
To stock the western wild.

Shining above, in orient light
The morning sun upsoars,—
Hindustan's elephantine might
Is shadow'd on those shores ;

Their luscious fruits of tropic toil
The sea-girt Indies breed,
And forth from Afric's southern soil
Springs Anglo-Saxon feed.

Beneath Britannia's blazon fair
Australia's emu stands,
And kangaroos are skipping there
On rich unpeopled lands ;
New Zealand's war-boat paddles fast ;
And Borneo's royal ship
Makes many a pirate scuffling past
Beware " the Badger's " grip !

Old Egbert's cross in golden light
Is shining over all,
And, on its right, no viper's bite
Harms Malta's holy Paul ;
While huge Gibraltar's rock outstands,
For bristling cannon cleft,
Like Hercules with Samson's hands
To pillar up the left.

Below, with praise each lesser star
In mingled lustre smiles,
The storm-swept Falklands seen afar,
And soft Ionian Isles,
With dark Sierra's libell'd beach,
And Mandarin'd Hong Kong,
And all who speak in English speech,
Or sing an English song.

O heralds ! when and where before
Were Earth's true honours seen,
In brightness and in beauty more
Than on this Gothic screen ?
Where Britain, like a mother hen,
Is gathering to her wings
The world of Anglo-Saxon men,
Creation's priests and kings !

The Anglo-Saxon Race.

STRETCH forth ! stretch forth ! from the south to the
north,
From the east to the west,—stretch forth ! stretch forth !
Strengthen thy stakes, and lengthen thy cords,—
The world is a tent for the world's true lords !
Break forth and spread over every place ;
The world is a world for the Saxon Race !

England sowed the glorious seed,
In her wise old laws and her pure old creed,
And her stout old heart, and her plain old tongue,
And her resolute energies, ever young,
And her free bold hand, and her frank fair face,
And her faith in the rule of the Saxon Race !

Feebly dwindling day by day,
All other races are fading away :

The sensual South, and the fervile East,
And the tottering throne of the treacherous priest ;
And every land is in evil case
But the wide-scatter'd realm of the Saxon Race !

Englishmen everywhere ! brethren all !
By one great name on your millions I call,—
Norman, American, Gael, and Celt,
Into this fine mix'd mass ye melt,
And all the best of your best I trace
In the golden bras of the Saxon Race !

Englishmen everywhere ! faithful and free !
Lords of the land, and kings of the sea,—
Anglo-Saxons ! honest and true,
By hundreds of millions my word is to you,—
Love one another ! as brothers embrace
That the World may be blest in the Saxon Race !

Non Angli sed Angeli.

Ho ! ye swift messengers out of the North,
Mercy's ambassadors,—haste to go forth !
Speedily let your broad sails be unfurl'd,
Winging your errand all over the world,
Wafting your message of peace and goodwill,
Brotherhood, godliness, science, and skill !

Ye are the salt of the earth, and its health,—
Ye are its gladness, its wisdom, and wealth,—
Ye are its glory ! O Britain, thy sons,
Thy stout Anglo-Saxons, thy resolute ones,
Ever triumphant on every shore,
Are only triumphant for Good evermore !

Ministers bright of the bounties of God,
Where is the land by these angels untrod ?
Tell it out, Africa, China, and Scinde,
And Isles of the Sea, and the uttermost Inde,
Tell out their zeal, and their grandeur of soul,
From the sands of the Line to the snows of the Pole !

Tell out the goodness, the greatness, the grace,
That follow their footsteps in every place !
Tell it out, thou, the first cradle of Man,
Teeming with millions, serene Hindostan,—
Tell how fair commerce, and just-dealing might,
Have blest thee with peace, and adorn'd thee with light !

Boundless Australia, help of the age,
And heirloom of hope on Futurity's page,
Lo ! thy vast continent, silent and sad,
With the song of the Saxon has learned to be glad ;
Rejoicing to change the wild waste and the fen
Into wide-waving harvests and cities of men !

Mighty Columbia, Star of the West,
See, 'tis a world by the Saxon possess'd !
Glorious and glad, from the North to the South,
Your millions praise God with an Englishman's mouth !

And all love a land where at home they would be—
England, old England, the Home of the Free!

Dotted about on the width of the world,
Her beacon is blazing, her flag is unfurl'd ;
Not a shore, not a sea, not a deep desert wild,
But pays its mute homage to Energy's Child,—
Not a realm, not a people, or kingdom, or clan,
But owns him the chief of the children of Man!

The foaming Atlantic hath render'd its isles,
And the dark Caribbean its tropical smiles,
And Southern Pacific those many-hued flowers,
And Europe's Mid-Ocean these temples and towers—
Their tribute the seas of Old India bring,
And Borneo is proud of her new British King!

Yes! for dear Britain, the Mother of Men,
Rules all, under God, by the sword and the pen:
She is the Delphi, the heart of the earth,
The rock-rushing spring of humanity's worth;
And, if two hemispheres prosper, the cause
Lies in old England's Religion and Laws!

Yes! for her realm is the Goshen of light;
The wings of these Angels have scatter'd the night!
Duteous and daring, as beauteous and strong,
They are helpers of Right, and avengers of Wrong:
Fair in their souls as their eyes and their locks,
Stout in their hearts as their oaks and their rocks!

Circumstance.

THE waves, the winds of Circumstance !
What arm their strength can stem ?
What struggling mortal has a chance
To bind or buffet them ?
Against these rapids who can swim,—
And not be hurl'd away
Over Niagara's boiling brim,—
The torrent of To-day ?

Ah ! trust not, Man, to thine own strength ;
Ah ! boast not of thy power ;
Thy best in all its breadth and length
Will break in any hour :
Let but Temptation touch the line
Electrical within,
That spark will spring the secret mine
Of Nature's ready fin !

If some sun-chance, and some moon-change
Of passion's light and heat
Within Occasion's comet-range
By bad conjunction meet,—
Behold, a Deluge ! to o'erwhelm
The wisdom and the worth
Of mortal's noblest spirit-realm,
The pattern-man of earth !

O tower of strength ! O God, O Friend !
 Defend us by Thy power ;
 Till we have reach'd our trial's end,
 Uphold us every hour !
 Each step we venture in advance
 Is full of woes unknown,
 If Thou enfranchise Circumstance,
 And leave us all alone !

Venus.

A REPLY TO LONGFELLOW'S "MARS."

THOU lover of the blaze of Mars,
 Come out with me to-night,
 For I have found among the stars
 A name of nobler light.

Thy boast is of the unconquer'd Mind,
 The strong, the stern, the still ;
 Mine of the happier Heart, resign'd
 To Wisdom's holy will.

They call my star by Beauty's name,
 The gentle Queen of Love ;
 And look ! how fair its tender flame
 Is flickering above :

O star of peace, O torch of hope,
I hail thy precious ray
A diamond on the ebon cope
To shine the dark away!

Within my heart there is no light
But cometh from above,
I give the first watch of the night
To the sweet planet, Love:

The star of Charity and Truth,
Of cheerful thoughts and sage,
The lamp to guide my steps in youth
And gladden mine old age!

O brother, yield! thy fiery Mars
For all his mailèd might
Is not so strong among the stars
As mine, the Queen of night:

A queen to shine all nights away,
And make the morn more clear,
Contentment gilding every day,—
—There is no twilight here!

Yes; in a trial world like this
Where all that comes—is sent,
Learn how divine a thing it is
To smile and be content!

God preserve the Queen !

How glorious is thy calling,
My happy Fatherland !
While all the thrones are falling,
In righteousness to stand ;
Amid the earthquakes heaving thus
To rest in pastures green,—
Then, God be praised who helpeth us,
And—God preserve the Queen !

How glorious is thy calling !
In sun, and moon, and stars,
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars,—
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean,
Then, God be praised who guards from ill,
And—God preserve the Queen !

Within thy sacred border
Amid the founding seas,
Religion, Right, and Order
Securely dwell at ease ;

And if we lift this beacon bright,
Among the nations seen,
We bless the LORD who loves the right,
And—God preserve the Queen !

Fair pastures and still waters
Are ours withal to bless
The thronging sons and daughters
Of exile and distress ;
For who so free as English hearts
Are, shall be, and have been ?
Then, God be thanked on our parts,
And—God preserve the Queen !

Though strife and fear and madness
Are raging all around,
There still is peace and gladness
On Britain's holy ground ;
But not to us the praise,—to us
Our glory is to lean
On Him who giveth freely thus,
And—God preserve the Queen !

O nation greatly favour'd,
If ever thou wouldst bring
A sacrifice well favour'd
Of praise to GOD THE KING,
Now, now, let all thy children raise
In faith and love serene,
The loyal patriot hymn of praise
Of—God preserve the Queen !

Wisdom's Wish.

Ah, might I but escape to some sweet spot,
 Oasis of my hopes, to fancy dear,
 Where rural virtues are not yet forgot,
 And good old customs crown the circling year ;
 Where still contented peasants love their lot,
 And trade's vile din offends not nature's ear,
 But hospitable hearths, and welcomes warm
 To country quiet add their social charm ;

Some smiling bay of Cambria's happy shore,
 A wooded dingle on a mountain-side,
 Within the distant sound of ocean's roar,
 And looking down on valley fair and wide,
 Nigh to the village church, to please me more
 Than vast cathedrals in their Gothic pride,
 And blest with pious pastor, who has trod
 Himself the way, and leads his flock to God,—

“ There would I dwell, for I delight therein ! ”
 Far from the evil ways of evil men,
 Untainted by the foil of others' sin,
 My own repented of, and clean again ;
 With health and plenty crown'd, and peace within,
 Choice books, and guiltless pleasures of the pen,
 And mountain-rambles with a welcome friend,
 And dear domestic joys, that never end.

There from the flowery mead, or shingled shore,
To cull the gems that bounteous Nature gave,
From the rent mountain pick the brilliant ore,
Or seek the curious crystal in its cave ;
And learning nature's Master to adore,
Know more of Him who came the lost to save ;
Drink deep the pleasures contemplation gives,
And learn to love the meanest thing that lives.

No envious wish my fellows to excel,
No fordid money-getting cares be mine ;
No low ambition in high state to dwell,
Nor meanly grand among the poor to shine :
But, sweet Benevolence, regale me well
With those cheap pleasures and light cares of thine,
And meek-eyed Piety, be always near,
With calm Content, and Gratitude sincere.

Rescued from cities, and forensic strife,
And walking well with God in Nature's eye,
Blest with fair children, and a faithful wife,
Love at my board, and friendship dwelling nigh,
Oh thus to wear away my useful life,
And, when I'm call'd, in rapturous hope to die,
Thus to rob heav'n of all the good I can,
And challenge earth to show a happier man !

The Mother's Lament.

My own little darling—dead !
The dove of my happiness fled !
 Just Heaven, forgive
 But let me not live
Now my poor babe is dead !

No more to my yearning breast
Shall that sweet mouth be prest ;
 No more on my arm
 Nestled up warm
Shall my fair darling rest !

Alas, for that dear glazed eye,
Why did it dim or die ?
 Those lips so soft
 I have kissed so oft
Why are they ice, oh why ?

Alas, little frocks and toys,
Shadows of bygone joys,—
 Have I not treasure
 Of bitterest pleasure
In these little frocks and toys ?

Oh harrowing sight to behold
That marble-like face all cold,
 That small cherish'd form
 Flung to the worm,
Deep in the charnel-mould !

Where is each heart-winning way,
Thy prattle, and innocent play ?
 Alas, they are gone,
 And left me alone
To weep for them night and day !

Yet why should I linger behind ?
Kill me too, Death most kind ;
 Where can I go
 To meet thy blow
And my sweet babe to find ?

I know it, I rave half-wild !
But who can be calm and mild
 When the deep heart
 Is riven apart
Over a dear dead child ?

I know it, I should not speak
So boldly,—I ought to be meek,
 But love, it is strong ;
 And my spirit is wrong,—
Help me, my God ! I am weak !

Trust.

YET will I trust; in all my fears,
 Thy mercy, gracious Lord, appears,
 To guide me through this vale of tears,
 And be my strength;
 Thy mercy guides the ebb and flow
 Of health and joy, or pain and woe,
 To wean my heart from all below
 To Thee at length.

Yes; welcome pain,—which Thou hast sent,—
 Yes; farewell blessings,—Thou hast lent,
 With Thee alone I rest content,
 For Thou art Heav'n,—
 My trust reposes, safe and still,
 On the wise goodness of Thy will,
 Grateful for earthly good—or ill,
 Which Thou hast given.

O blessed Friend! O blissful thought!
 With happiest consolation fraught,—
 Trust Thee I may, I ought,—
 To doubt were sin;
 Then let whatever storms arise,
 Their Ruler sits above the skies,
 And lifting unto Him mine eyes,
 'Tis calm within.

Danger may threaten, foes molest,
Poverty brood, disease infest,
Yea, torn affections wound the breast
 For one sad hour,
But Faith looks to her home on high,
Hope casts around a cheerful eye,
And Love puts all the terrors by
 With gladdening power.

The New Year.

THE old man he is dead, young heir,
And gone to his long account ;
Come, stand on his hearth, and sit in his chair,
And into his saddle mount !

The old man's face was a face to be fear'd,
But thine both loving and gay ;
Oh who would not choose for that stern white beard,
A bright young cheek alway ?

The old man he had outlived them all,
His friends, he said, were gone ;
But hundreds are waffailing now in the hall,
And true friends every one !

The old man moan'd both fore and long
Of pleasures past, he said ;
But pleasures to come are the young heir's song,
The living, not the dead !

The old man babbled of old regrets,
Alack ! how much he owed :
But the young heir has not a feather of debts
His heart withal to load !

The old man used to shudder, and seem
Remembering secret sin ;
But the happy young heir is as if in a dream,
Paradise all within !

Alas ! for the old man,—where is he now ?
And fear for thyself, young heir ;
For he was innocent once as thou,
As ruddy and blythe and fair :

Reap wisdom from his furrow'd face,
Cull counsel from his fear ;
Oh speed thee, young heir, in gifts and in grace,
And blessings on thee,—New Year !

To a Generous Youth.

UNWORLDLY child of feeling,
With kindled eye and kindly heart
Incautiously revealing
How loving and how true thou art,—
Alas ! for men will use thee,
And even while they use contemn,
And in their turn refuse thee
The help that thou hast yielded them.

Yet holy angels love thee,
And yearningly they shield from harm,
As glorious guards above thee,
A spirit found so fresh and warm ;
And God Himself doth bless thee,
And all the souls made perfect now
In sympathy care thee,
Kissing thine illumined brow !

Still, while I praise thy beauty,
Thy characters of lovely light,
In friendship's tender duty
I counsel thee, dear youth, aright :
Remember one true sentence—
That " pearls should not be cast to swine,"—
And never shall repentance
Becloud one generous act of thine.

Silence.

DEAR Nurse of Thought, calm chaos-brooding dove,
Thee, Silence, well I love ;
Mother of Fancy, friend and sister mine,
Silence, my heart is thine.

Rarer than Eloquence, and sweeter far
Thy dulcet pauses are ;
Stronger than Music, charm she ne'er so well,
Is, Silence, thy soft spell.

The rushing crystals throb about my brain,
And thrill, and shoot again,—
Their teeming imagery crowds my sphere,
If Silence be but here.

Bodily rest is Sleep, the soothing sleep,
Spirit-rest, Silence deep ;
O daily Discord, cease, for mercy, cease !
Break not this happy peace.

The melodies within alone are heard,
By their own stillness stirr'd ;
O mute, and motionless,—O death of strife,
O precious lull in life !

Now know I how Pygmalion's spirit stern
Could on a statue yearn,—
The hush'd, the beautiful, the calmly fair,
The marble Silence there !

All's for the Best !

ALL 's for the best ! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and Sorrow are friends in disguise,
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage for ever is happy and wise :
All for the best,—if a man would but know it
Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—All 's for the best !

All for the best ! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wander'd,
A way-wearied swallow, or heartstricken dove :
All for the best !—be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
Wisely and warily all for the best.

All for the best ! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man :
All's for the best !—unbiaſſed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West ;
And, by both wisdom and mercy ſurrounded,
Hope and be happy that All 's for the best !

The Riddle Read.

WORLD of sorrow, care, and change,
Even to myself I seem,
As adown thy vale I range,
Wandering in a dream :
All things are so strange.

For, the dead who died this day,
Fair and young, or great and good,
Though we mourn them, where are they ?
—With those before the flood ;
Equally past away !

Living hearts have scanty time
To feel some other heart most dear,
Scarce can love the love sublime
Unselfishly sincere,—
Death nips it in its prime !

Minds have hardly power to learn
How much there is to know aright,
Can dimly through the mist discern
Some little glimpse of light,—
The order is, Return !

Willing hands but juſt begin
 Wiſely to work for God and man,
And ſome poor wages barely win
 As one who well began,—
The Maſter calls, Come in !

Well,—this is well : for well begun
 Is all the good man here may do ;
He cannot hope to ſee half done ;
 A furlong is crept through,
And lo, the goal is won !

This is the life of fight and ſenſe,
 And other brighter lives depend
On all we here can juſt commence ;
 But long before an end
God calls His ſervant hence.

Take courage, courage : not in vain
 The Ruler hath appointed thus ;
Account it neither grief nor pain
 His mercy ſpareth us—
It is the labourer's gain.

Here we begin to love and know ;
 And when God's willing grace perceives
The plant of Heav'n hath roots to grow,
 He plucks the ranker leaves,
And doth tranſplant it ſo !

Retrospect.

How many years are fled,—
How many friends are dead :
 Alas, how fast
 The past hath past,—
How speedily life hath sped !

Places, that knew me of yore,
Know me for theirs no more ;
 And fore at the change
 Quite strange I range
Where I was at home before.

Thoughts and things each day
Seem to be fading away ;
 Yet this is, I wot,
 Their lot to be not
Continuing in one stay !

A mingled mesh it seems
Of facts and fancy's gleams ;
 I scarce have power
 From hour to hour
To separate things from dreams.

Darkly, as in a glass,
Like a vain shadow they pass;
 Their ways they wend
 And tend to an end,
The goal of life, alas !

Alas ? and wherefore so ?—
Be glad for this passing show ;
 The world and its lust
 Back must to their dust
Before the soul can grow.

Expand, my willing mind,
Thy nobler life to find ;
 Thy childhood leave
 Nor grieve to bereave
Thine age of toys behind.

Post-Letters.

LOTTERY tickets every day,—
And ever drawn a blank :
Yet none the less we pant and pray
For prizes in that bank :
Morn by morn, and week by week,
They cheat us, or amuse,
Whilst on we fondly hope, and seek
Some stirring daily news.

The heedless postman on his path
Is scattering joys and woes ;
He bears the seeds of life and death,
And drops them as he goes !
I never note him trudging near
Upon his common track,
But all my heart is hope, or fear,
With visions bright, or black !

I hope—what hope I not ?—vague things
Of wondrous possible good ;
I dread—as vague imaginings,
A very viper's brood :
Fame's sunshine, Fortune's golden dews
May now be hovering o'er,—
Or the pale shadow of ill news
Be cowering at my door !

O Mystery ! master-key to life,
Thou spring of every hour,
I love to wrestle in thy strife,
And tempt thy perilous power ;
I love to know that none can know
What this day may bring forth,
What bliss for me, for me what woe
Is travailing in birth !

See, on my neighbour's threshold stands
Yon careless common man,
Bearing, perchance, in those coarse hands
—My Being's alter'd plan !

My germs of pleasure, or of pain,
Of trouble, or of peace,
May there lie thick as drops of rain
Distill'd from Gideon's fleece !

Who knoweth ? may not loves be dead,—
Or those we loved laid low,—
Who knoweth ? may not wealth be fled,
And all the world my foe !
Or who can tell if Fortune's hour
(Which once on all doth shine)
Be not within this morning's dower,
A prosperous morn of mine ?

Ah, cold Reality !—in spite
Of hopes, and endless chance,
That bitter postman, ruthless wight,
Has cheated poor Romance :
No letters ! Oh the dreary phrase !
Another day forlorn :—
And thus I wend upon my ways
To watch another morn.

Cease, babbler !—let those doubtings cease :
What ? should a son of heaven
With the pure manna of his Peace
Mix up this faithless leaven ?
Not so !—for in the hands of God,
And in none earthly will,
Abides alike my staff and rod,
My good, and seeming ill.

Fortitude.

NEW WORDS TO "MYNHEER VAN DUNK."

I.

MINE own stout heart !
You and I must never part,
But bravely get on together,—
Through calm and strife,
And the ups and downs of life,
In winter, or summer weather !
Singing, Oh ! for a true bold heart shall be
Nestled in its warm old place with me,
Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,
Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea !

II.

Troubles, well season'd, as being well sent,
No honest man dreams of scorning ;
But he mixes them up in his cup of content,
And fears no foes
While he happily knows
That Night must end in Morning !
For a brave glad heart shall always be
Beating in its own warm nest with me,
Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,
Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea !

The Idiot.

A TRUE TALE OF TERROR.

HE was a bright and beauteous boy,
A pretty one of four years old,
Blue-eyed and ringleted with gold,
And full of life and love and joy :

A happy, funny, little child,
With dimpled cheeks and laughing lips,
From head to feet and finger-tips
A thing with merriment half wild !

And how his mother glow'd to see
Her darling's many winning wiles,
And how his father's prouder smiles
Reflected that sweet cherub's glee !

But, on one certain woesome eve,
—It was a neighbour's wedding-day,
Where every face was glad and gay—
Their babe those poor fond parents leave.

And Sarah has the child in trust,—
And—there's her lover to be met,
And—how that fractious boy does fret
That she should leave him—but she must ;

“ Stop, fir, I ’ll make you lie quite still ! ”
So cruel Nurse contrives that Dread
Shall be the watcher in her stead,
While she runs off to walk with Will.

A dressed-up Horror in a sheet
Is set beside that infant’s cot !
Ha ! now he’s still enough, God wot,
As, terror-struck from head to feet,

His large blue eyes freeze hard with fear,
His rosy cheeks are marble pale,
And from his lips a gibbering wail,—
O mother !—there is madness here !

Woe, woe ! they come—too late return’d—
And run up quick their babe to kiss ;
All silent ? Absent ? What is this ?
And candles to the sockets burn’d ?

Upright the sheeted Horror stood
And, just beneath an *Idiot* lay,
Staring and stunn’d, and cold as clay !
Is it the child ? or painted wood ?

O lost, lost, lost ! that soul so dear
Is palsied on its mental throne !
This dressed-up Horror reigns alone
Its King within—a lifelong Fear !

Ah, stricken hearts ! Ah, bitter lot !
Mercy, O God ! and Help, O Man !
Mercy and Help—as best we can,
To cheer that horror-shrouded cot !

The Poor Man's Sunday.

My holyday, and my holiday,
A sabbath for body and soul !
My chance for a quiet time to pray,
And my change from the City to steal away
For a happy country stroll.

It is God's good mercy, however it seem
To Pharisees folly and sin,
If I get well away on the wings of steam,
And let sweet meadows or woodland stream
Freshen my heart within.

O you that are pious on leisure and wealth,
And live in the country air,
Think not I do it in shame or by stealth,
To me it is mercy, religion, and health,
For God meets with me there !

I have only one day in the whole long week,
While yours are all the seven ;
So I leave my lodging, where gutters reek
With every miasma that blanches the cheek,
To breathe the breath of heaven.

I seek it of grace, and with gratitude find ;
 For the scene so green and calm
 Gladdens mine eyes, and comforts my mind,
 That I leave all worries and sins behind,
 Gathering Gilead's balm.

Yes, psalms of the heart, and lessons of truth,
 And liturgies full of love,
 Live in the fields, renewing my youth,
 As I saunter (breaking the Sabbath, forsooth !)
 Like Adam in Eden, or corn-poppied Ruth,
 Dreaming of gardens above !

My Own Place.

WHOEVER I am, wherever my lot,
 Whatever I happen to be,
 Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot
 That Providence orders for me ;
 No covetous straining and striving to gain
 One feverish step in advance,—
 I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain
 To hazard a change and a chance !

I care for no riches that are not my right,
 No honour that is not my due ;
 But stand in my station by day, or by night,
 The will of my Master to do ;

He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,
And set me my business here ;
And whether I live in His service, or die,
My heart shall be found in my sphere !

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King ;
If poor, as the friend of my LORD ;
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring ;
If stalwart, my pen or my sword :
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift ;
If simpleness, bask in His love ;
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift ;
If joy, I will throne it above !

The good that it pleases my GOD to bestow,
I gratefully gather and prize ;
The evil,—it can be no evil, I know,
But only a good in disguise ;
And whether my station be lowly or great,
No *duty* can ever be mean,
The factory cripple is fix'd in his fate
As well as a King or a Queen !

For duty's bright livery glorifies all
With brotherhood equal and free,
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,
That places us where we should be ;
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines
As a jewel invested by Heaven ;
A monarch,—remember that justice assigns
Much service, where so much is given !

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue,
Away ! for your folly would scatter the charm
That round my proud poverty hung :
I felt that I stood like a man at my post,
Though peril and hardship were there,—
And all that your wisdom would counsel me most
Is—"Leave it ;—do better elsewhere."

If better were better indeed, and not worse,
I might go a-head with the rest ;
But many a gain and a joy is a curse,
And many a grief for the best :
No !—duties are all the "advantage" I use ;
I pine not for praise or for pelf ;
And, as for ambition, I care not to choose
My better or worse for myself !

I will not, I dare not, I cannot !—I stand
Where GOD has ordain'd me to be,
An honest mechanic—or lord in the land,—
He fitted my calling for me :
Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
With honour, or sweat, on my face,
This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
I stand, like a star, in MY PLACE.

England's Heart.

ENGLAND's heart ! Oh never fear
The sturdy good old stock ;
Nothing 's false or hollow here,
But solid as a rock :
England's heart is sound enough,
And safe in its old place,
Honest, loyal, blithe, and bluff,
And open as her face !

England's heart ! With beating nerves
It rallies for the throne,—
And, with Luther, well preserves
The knee for God alone :
England's heart is sound enough,
Unshaken and serene,
Like her oak-trees true and tough
And old,—but glad and green.

England's heart ! All Europe hurl'd
To ruin, strife, and dearth,
Sees yet one Zoar in the world,
The Goshen of the earth ;
England's heart is sound enough,—
And—though the skies be dark,
Though winds be loud, and waves be rough—
Safe, as Noah's ark !

England's heart,—ay, God be praised,
 That thus, in patriot pride,
 An English cheer can yet be raised
 Above the stormy tide :
 Safe enough, and sound enough,
 It thrills the heart to feel
 A man's a bit of English stuff,
 True from head to heel !

Bygones.

FOR MUSIC.

“LET bygones be bygones,”—they foolishly say,
 And bid me be wise and forget them ;
 But old recollections are active to-day,
 And I can do nought but regret them :
 Though the present be pleasant, all joyous and gay,
 And promising well for the morrow,
 I love to look back on the years past away,
 Embalming my bygones in sorrow.

If the morning of life has a mantle of gray,
 Its noon will be blither and brighter,
 If March has its storm, there is sunshine in May,
 And light out of darkness is lighter :
 Thus the present is pleasant, a cheerful to-day,
 With a wiser, a soberer gladness,
 Because it is tinged with the mellowing ray
 Of a yesterday's sunset of sadness.

Mercy to Animals.

O BOYS and men of British mould,
With mother's milk within you !
A simple word for young and old,
A word to warn and win you :
You've each and all got human hearts
As well as human features,
So hear me, while I take the parts
Of all the poor dumb creatures.

I wot your lot is sometimes rough ;
But theirs is something rougher,—
No hopes, no loves,—but pain enough,
And only sense to suffer :
You, men and boys, have friends and joys,
And homes and hopes in measure,—
But these poor brutes are only mutes,
And never knew a pleasure.

A little water, chaff, and hay,
And sleep, the boon of heaven,
How great returns for these have they
To your advantage given :
And yet the worn-out horse or ass
Who makes your daily gaining,
Is paid with goad and thong, alas !
Though nobly uncomplaining.

Stop, cruel boy ! you mean no ill,
But never thought about it,—
Why beat that patient donkey still ?
He goes as well without it :
Here, taste and try a cut or two,—
Ha ! you can shout and feel it ;
Boy—that was Mercy's hint to you,—
In shorter measure deal it.

Stop, fullen man : 'tis true to tell
How ill the world has used you ;
The farmers didn't treat you well,
The squire's self refused you :
But is that any reason why
A bad revenge you're wreaking
On that poor, lame, old horse,—whose eye
Rebukes you without speaking ?

Oh ! think not thou that this dumb brute
Has no strong Friend to aid him ;
Nor hope, because his wrongs are mute,
They rouse not God who made him !
A little while, and you are—dead,
With all your bitter feelings ;
How will the Judge, so just and dread,
Reward your cruel dealings ?

Go, do some good, before you die,
To those who make your living :
They will not ask you reasons why,
Nor tax you for forgiving :

Their mouths are mute, but most acute
The woes whereby you wear them ;
Then come with me, and only see
How easy 'tis to spare them !

Load for'ard ; neither goad nor flog :
For *rest* your beast is flagging :
And do not let that willing dog
Tear out his heart with dragging :
Wait, wait awhile, those axles grease,
And shift this buckle's fretting ;
And give that galling collar ease ;—
How grateful is he getting !

So poor yourselves, and short of joys,
Unkindly used, unfairly,
I sometimes wonder, men and boys,
You 're merciful so rarely :
If you have felt how hunger gripes,
Why famish and ill-use 'em ?
If you've been wealed by fores and stripes,
How can you beat and bruise 'em.

Oh, fear ! lest God has taught in vain,
And so your hearts you harden ;
Oh, hope ! for lo ! He calls again,
And *now* 's the time for pardon :
Yes, haste to-day to put away
Your cruelties and curses,—
And man at least, if not his beast,
Shall bless me for my verses.

A Harbest Hymn,

1847.

O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise !
The GOD of our Salvation
Is love in all His ways ;
He bleffeth us, and feedeth
Every creature of His hand,
To succour him that needeth
And to gladden all the land !

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime
From every belfried steeple
In symphony sublime :
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful, and rejoice,
And woods and hills and valleys
Re-echo the glad voice !

From glen and plain and city
Let gracious incense rise,—
The LORD of life and pity
Hath heard His creatures' cries ;
And where in fierce oppressing
Stalk'd fever, fear, and dearth,
He pours a triple blessing
To fill and fatten earth !

Gaze round in deep emotion :
The rich and ripen'd grain
Is like a golden ocean
Becalm'd upon the plain ;
And we, who late were weepers
Left judgment should destroy,
Now sing, because the reapers
Are come again with joy !

O praise the Hand that giveth
—And giveth evermore,—
To every soul that liveth
Abundance flowing o'er !
For every soul He filleth
With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The unction of His love.

Then gather, Christians, gather
To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
Who biddeth you rejoice :
For He hath turned the sadness
Of his children into mirth,
And we will sing with gladness
The harvest-home of earth !

Another Harvest Hymn,

1849.

AGAIN, through every county
Of Britain's happy shores
The Great Creator's bounty
Unfinted plenty pours;
Again to Him returning
In thankfulness we raise,
Our hearts within us burning,
The sacrifice of praise.

O great as is Thy glory,
Thy goodness doth excel!
What harp can hymn the story?
What tongue the tale can tell?
The boundless breadth of Nature
Is spread beneath Thy throne,
And every living creature
Is fed by Thee alone!

Rejoice! for overflowing
Is each abundant field;
The LORD has blest the sowing,
The LORD has blest the yield:
The mower has mown double,
The reaper doubly reap'd,
And from the shining stubble
Her head the gleaner heap'd.

Rejoice ! for mercy blesses,
And judgment smites no more ;
The God of grace possesses
Araunah's threshing-floor :
The gains of honest labour
Are shower'd from above,
And neighbour looks on neighbour
In happiness and love.

O men of all conditions,
The high or humbly-born,—
Away with low seditions !
Away with lofty scorn !
Mix kindly with each other,—
For God has given to all
The common name of brother,
And gladdens great and small.

And Erin ! thou that starvest
So patient on thy fod,—
To thee, to thee, this harvest
Is come, the gift of God !
Cheer up, though woes oppress thee ;
Be diligent and true ;
And, with thy Queen to bless thee,
HER KING SHALL BLESS THEE TOO !

Arm !

THE FIRST RIFLE BALLAD, JANUARY, 1852.

ENGLISHMEN up ! make ready your rifles !

Who can tell now what a day may bring forth ?
Patch up all quarrels, and flick at no trifles,—

Let the world see what your loyalty's worth !
Loyalty ?—selfishness, cowardice, terror

Stoutly will multiply loyalty's sum,
When to astonish presumption and error,
Soon the shout rises,—the brigands are come !

Cannot we see them ?—impatiently waiting,
Hundreds of thousands, all hungry for spoil,
Breathing out slaughter, and bitterly hating
Britain and all that is born of her soil !

Jesuit priests and prætorian legions
Clamour like hounds to be loosed on the prey,
Eager to devastate Protestant regions,
And to take vengeance for Waterloo day !

If the Kite wants to be counted an Eagle,
What can he better be scheming than this,—
While a false peace our minds may inveigle,
And we are sold to a Judas's kiss ?

Suddenly, secretly, boldly he'll do it !

And the sharp sword, that will ravage the coasts,
Then shall run into the land, and go through it,
If Britain sleeps at her sentinel-posts !

Marksmen ashore ! make ready, make ready !

Honest men slumber, but thieves are astir ;
Steamers afloat,—be stirring and steady !

All will be lost, if your vigilance err :
Every one,—sporting or spinning or farming,
Wisely defend what you have while you can,
Steadily drilling, and sturdily arming,
That you may fight for the right like a man !

Think of the rapine, the flames, and the slaughter,
If the fierce Algerine-Frenchman here stood !
Think, if you dare, of your wife and your daughter,
Think of your little ones choked in their blood !
What !—is the wolf so squeamish and tender
As to be stopp'd by a peacemonger's tear ?
No !—if it finds not a stalwart defender
Every man's home is a Golgotha here !

Up, then, and ARM ! it is wisdom and duty ;

We are too tempting a prize to be weak :
Lo, what a pillage of riches and beauty,
Glories to gain, and revenges to wreak !
Run for your rifles, and stand to your drilling ;
Let not the wolf have his will, as he might
If, in the midst of their trading and tilling,
Englishmen cannot—or care not to—fight !

Reply,

TO SUNDRY WHO OBJECT TO "ARM."

WHAT! will they tell us that timely precaution
Causes the peril it strives to avoid?
Or that true safety is found in proportion
With the true danger of being destroy'd?
What! with the wolf looking over the hurdles
Mustn't the shepherd be loading his gun?
Or, while his liver with cowardice curdles,
Should he cry Welcome,—and prudently run?

Further,—they hint, because England is waking,
This is a challenge, an insult, a threat,—
That we affront them and taunt them, by taking
Rational means for security yet:
Ha! they would rather still see us all sleeping,
Then, as on Corinth and Carthage of old,
Secretly creeping, and suddenly leaping,
Teach us—how kind is the wolf to the fold!

No! let us all,—as erst we were bowmen
When a First Richard or Edward was king,
Now be found ready to scare away foemen,
True with the trigger, as once with the string!

Not like your foglemen dressers and drillers
Tailor'd and trussed, and made useless the while,
But as stern resolute rifle-Guerillas
Able to pick off a man at a mile !

Think you those African-razzia heroes
Would be as tame as they look at reviews ?
Anything rather than—Guises and Neroes,
Playing at soldiering just to amuse ?
No,—in bad earnest for vengeance and plunder
Ruthlessly would they be facking each farm,
If we give way to the traitorous blunder
That it is foolish and timid to ARM !

Truly, we long to live kindly with neighbours !
Nobody dreams but of war as a curse ;
But in the middle of peaceable labours,
Isn't it wise to be ready for worse ?
Change is the nature of things as of seasons ;
Change may be nearer than any one knows ;
And for the best, as the strongest of reasons,
Let us stand ready for friends or—for foes !

ARM, then, at once ! if no one attack us,
Better than well, for the rifle may rust :
But, if the pirates be coming to sack us,
Level it calmly,—and God be your trust !
Only, while yet there 's a moment, be steady ;
Skilfully, duteously, quickly prepare,—
Then with a nation of Riflemen ready,
Nobody 'll come,—because no one will dare

The Last Time.

ANOTHER year? another year!

Who dare depend on other years?

The judgment of this world is near,

And all its children faint for fears:

Famine, pestilence, and war,

Mixt with praises, prayers, and tears,

Civil strife and social jar,

Spurr'd by pen, and stirr'd by sword,

Herald Him who comes from far

In Elijah's fiery car,

Our own returning LORD!

Look around,—the nations quail!

All the elements of ill

Crowd like locusts on the gale

And the dark horizon fill:

Woe to earth, and all her seed!

Woe! they run to ruin still:—

He that runneth well may read

Texts of truth the times afford,

How, in earth's extremest need

Cometh, cometh soon indeed

Our own redeeming LORD!

Lo, the marvels passing strange

Every teeming minute brings;

Daily turns with sudden change

The kaleidoscope of things;

But the Ruler, just and wise,
Orders all, as King of kings,—
Hark ! His thunders shake the skies,
Lo ! His vials are outpour'd !
Earth in bitter travail lies,
And Creation groans and cries
For our expected LORD !

Stand in courage, stand in faith !
Tremble not as others may ;
He that conquers hell and death
Is the Friend of those who pray :
And in this world's destined woe
He will save His own away
From the trial's furnace glow,—
Till the harvest all is stored,
Rescued from each earthly foe,
And the terrible ones below,
By our avenging LORD !

Yea, come quickly ! SAVIOUR, come !
Take us to Thy glorious rest,
All Thy children yearn for home,
Home, the heaven of Thy breast !
Help, with instant gracious aid !
That in just assurance blest
We may watch—nor feel afraid—
Every warning in Thy word,
Signs and tokens all array'd
In proof of that for which we pray'd,—
The coming of the LORD !

Never Mind !

SOUL, be strong, whate'er betide,
GOD himself is guard and guide,—
With my Father at my side,
Never mind !

Clouds and darkness hover near,
Men's hearts failing them for fear,
But be thou of right good cheer,
Never mind !

Come what may, some work is done,
Praise the Father through the Son,
Goals are gain'd and prizes won,
Never mind !

And if now the skies look black,
All the past behind my back
Is a bright and blessed track ;
Never mind !

Stand in patient courage still,
Working out thy Master's will,
Compass good, and conquer ill ;
Never mind !

Fight, for all their bullying boast,
Dark temptation's evil host,
This is thy predestined post;
Never mind!

Be then tranquil as a dove;
Through these thunderclouds above
Shines afar the heaven of love,—
Never mind!

Rise, Britannia!

WRITTEN AND PRINTED IN 1846, AND THEN HEADED
BY A STRANGE ANTICIPATION, "A STIRRING SONG
FOR PATRIOTS IN THE YEAR 1860."

To the tune of "Wha wouldna fight for Charlie."

Rise! ye gallant youth of Britain,
Gather to your country's call,
On your hearts her name is written,
Rise to help her, one and all!
Cast away each feud and faction,
Brood not over wrong nor ill,—
Rouse your virtues into action,
For we love our country still,—

Hail, Britannia ! hail, Britannia !
Raife that thrilling shout once more,
Rife, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !
Conqueror over sea and shore !

France is coming, full of bluster,
Hot to wipe away her stain,
Therefore, brothers, here we muster
Just to give it her again !
And if foemen, blind with fury,
Dare to cross our ocean gulf,
Wait not then for judge nor jury,—
Shoot them as you would a wolf !
For Britannia, just Britannia,
Claims our chorus as before,
Rife, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !
Conqueror over sea and shore !

They may writhe, for we have gall'd them
With our guns in every clime,—
They may hate us, for we call'd them
Serfs and subjects in old time !
Boasting Gaul, we calmly scorn you
As old Æsop's bull the frogs,
Come, and welcome ! for, we warn you,
We shall fling you to our dogs !
For Britannia, our Britannia,
Thunders with a lion's roar,
Rife, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !
Conqueror over sea and shore.

See uprear'd our holy standard !
 Crowd around it, gallant hearts !
What ? should Britain's fame be slander'd
 As by fault on *our* parts ?
Let the rabid Frenchman threaten,
 Let the mad invader come,
We will hunt them out of Britain,
 Or can die for earth and home !
For Britannia, dear Britannia,
 Wakes our chorus evermore,
Rise, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !
 Conqueror over sea and shore.

Rise, then, patriots ! name endearing,
 Flock from Scotland's moors and dales,
From the green glad fields of Erin,
 From the mountain homes of Wales,—
RISE ! for sister England calls you,
 RISE ! our commonweal to serve,
RISE ! while now the song enthral's you
 Thrilling every vein and nerve,
Hail, Britannia ! hail, Britannia !
 Conquer, as thou didst of yore !
Rise, Britannia ! Rule, Britannia !
 Over every sea and shore.

The Emigrant Ship.

FAR away, far away,
The emigrant ship must sail to-day :
Cruel ship,—to look so gay
Bearing the exiles far away.

Sad and sore, sad and sore,
Many a fond heart bleeds at the core :
Cruel dread,—to meet no more,
Bitter sorrow, sad and sore.

Many years, many years,
At best will they battle with perils and fears :
Cruel pilot,—for he steers
The exiles away for many years.

Long ago, long ago !
For the days that are gone their tears shall flow :
Cruel hour,—to tear them so
From all they cherish'd long ago.

Fare ye well, fare ye well !
To joy and to hope it sounds as a knell :
Cruel tale it were to tell
How the exile sighs farewell.

Far away, far away !
Is there indeed no hope to-day ?
Cruel and false it were to say
There are no pleasures far away.

Far away, far away !
Every night and every day
Kind and wise it were to pray,
God be with them far away !

Individuality.

MEASURE not thyself with others,—
Heed the work thou hast to do ;
Each man's duty, not his brother's,
Is his goal to keep in view :
Nature, circumstance, and station,
With what God from each exacts
As his tribute to Creation,
These decide our aims and acts.

Every creature fitly fashion'd
Hath its being's final cause ;
And our minds and hearts impassion'd
Beat with individual laws :
All are various, differing measures
Fill us each with power to work,
And the spirit's special treasures
Latent in each bosom lurk.

How shouldst thou declare the causes
That have wrought thy brother thus ?
Plastic Wisdom never pauses
In such modelling of us :
How canst thou suggest the reasons
For his baser life or lot ?
Matter has its changing seasons,
Why should spirit vary not ?

Shall the Arctic blame the Torrid ?
Shall the East defame the West ?
Shall the foot rebuke the forehead
That it thinks in lazy rest ?
Every creature to its mission,
Every bullet to its mark,
Every man in his condition
Wanted for the Church's Ark !

Scorn not,—envy not,—and judge not :
Scorn is Folly's cruel wife ;
And, for Envy,—Churl, begrudge not
Some poor brother's luck in life ;
And, for Judgment,—to our Master
Singly we must stand or fall ;
Life's Foreknower, and Forecaster,
Wills and weighs, and shapes it all !

The Assurance of Horace.

I HAVE achieved a tower of fame
More durable than gold,
And loftier than the royal frame
Of Pyramids of old,—
Which none inclemencies of clime,
Nor fiercest winds that blow,
Nor endless change, nor lapse of time,
Shall ever overthrow !

I cannot perish utterly :
The brighter part of me
Must live—and live—and never die,
But baffle Death's decree !
For I shall always grow, and spread
My new-blown honours still,
Long as the priest and vestal tread
The Capitolian hill.

I shall be sung, where thy rough waves,
My native river, foam,—
And where old Daunus scanty laves
And rules his rustic home ;
As chief and first I shall be sung,
Though lowly, great in might
To tune my country's heart and tongue,
And tune them both aright.

Thou then, my soul, assume thy state,
And take thine honours due ;
Be proud, as thy deserts are great,—
To thine own praise be true !
Thou too, celestial Muse, come down,
And with kind haste prepare
The laurel for a Delphic crown
To weave thy Poet's hair.

Cruelty.

WILL none befriend that poor dumb brute,
Will no man rescue him ?—
With weaker effort, gasping, mute,
He strains in every limb ;

Spare him, O spare :—he feels,—he feels !
Big tears roll from his eyes ;
Another crushing blow !—he reels,
Staggers,—and falls,—and dies.

Poor jaded horse, my blood runs cold
Thy guiltless wrongs to see ;
To heav'n, O starv'd one, lame and old,
Thy dim eye pleads for thee.

Thou too, O dog, whose faithful zeal
Fawns on some ruffian grim,—
He stripes thy skin with many a weal,
And yet,—thou lovest him.

Shame! that of all the living chain
That links Creation's plan,
There is but one delights in pain,
The savage monarch,—man!

O cruelty,—who could rehearse
Thy million dismal deeds,
Or track the workings of the curse
By which all nature bleeds?

Thou meanest crime,—thou coward sin,—
Thou base, flint-hearted vice,—
Scorpion!—to sting thy heart within
Thyself shall all suffice;

The merciless is doubly cursed,
As mercy is “twice blest;”
Vengeance, though slow, shall come,—but first
The vengeance of the breast!

Why add another woe to life,
Man,—are there not enough?
Why lay *thy* weapon to the strife?
Why make the road more rough?

Faint, hunger-sick, old, blind, and ill,
The poor, or man or beast,
Can battle on with life uphill,
And bear its griefs at least;

Truly, their cup of gall o'erflows!
But, when the spite of men
Adds poison to the draught of woes,
Who, who can drink it then?

Heard ye that shriek ?—O wretch, forbear,
Fling down thy bloody knife :
In fear, if not in pity, spare
A woman, and a wife !

For thee she toils, unchiding, mild,
And for thy children wan,
Beaten and starved, with famine wild,
To feast thee, monster man :

Husband and father,—drunkard, fiend !
Thy wife's, thy children's moan
Has won for innocence a Friend,
Has reach'd thy Judge's throne ;

Their lives thou madest sad ; but worse
Thy deathless doom shall be,
“No MERCY ” is the withering curse
Thy Judge hath passed on thee :

Heap on,—heap on, fresh torments add,—
New schemes of torture plan,
No MERCY ! Mercy's self is glad
To damn the cruel man.

GOD ! GOD ! Thy whole creation groans,
Thy fair world writhes in pain ;
Shall the dread incense of its moans
Arise to Thee in vain ?

The hollow eye of famine pleads,
The face with weeping pale,
The heart that all in secret bleeds,
The grief that tells no tale,

Oppression's victim, weak and mild,
Scarce shrinking from the blow,
And the poor wearied factory child,
Join in the dirge of woe.

O cruel world ! O sickening fear
Of goad, or knife, or thong ;
O load of evils ill to bear !
—How long, good God, how long ?

Old Haunts.

FOR MUSIC.

I LOVE to linger on my track
Wherever I have dwelt and parted ;
In after years to loiter back,
And feel as once I felt—young-hearted !
My foot falls lightly on the sward
Yet leaves a deathless dint behind it,
With tenderness I still regard
Its unforgotten print, to find it !
Old places have a charm for me
The new cannot possess, for ever,
Old faces—how I long to see
Those looks that here shall bless me never !
Yet, these are gone :—while all around
Is changing with this changing hour,
I 'll anchor on the solid ground,
And root my memories there in power !

Children.

HARMLESS, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth and purest pleasures
In this mean and guilty earth,—

How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs :

On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within ;

But yours is the sunny dimple
Radiant with untutor'd smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles ;

Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion
 Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
 Would not love you if they could :

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,
 Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
 Left—Thy blessings come too soon.

While he hath a child to love him
 No man can be poor indeed,
While he trusts a Friend above him,
 None can forrow, fear, or need.

But for thee whose hearth is lonely
 And unwarm'd by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
 Desolate and poor on earth :

All unkiss'd by innocent beauty,
 All unloved by guileless heart,
All uncheer'd by sweetest duty,—
 Childless one, how poor thou art !

Dreams.

A DREAM—mysterious word, a dream !
What joys and sorrows are enshrined
In those dark hours we fondly deem
A playtime for the truant mind :

It is a happy thing to dream
When rosy thoughts and visions bright
Pour on the soul a golden stream
Of rich luxurious delight ;

It is a weary thing to dream,
When from the hot and aching brain
As from a boiling caldron steam
The myriad forms in fancy's train ;

It is a curious thing to dream,
When shapes grotesque of all quaint things
Like laughing water-witches seem
To sport in reason's turbid springs ;

It is a glorious thing to dream,
When full of wings and full of eyes
Borne on the whirlwind or sunbeam
We race along the startled skies ;

It is a wondrous thing to dream
Of tumbling with a fearful shock
From some tall cliff where eagles scream,
—To light upon a feather rock ;

It is a terrible thing to dream
Of strangled throats, and heart-blood spilt,
And ghosts that in the darkness gleam,
And horrid eyes of midnight guilt :—

Who shall tell me what I dream ?
Ages lingering in a night,—
Thriving thoughts of things that teem
With wonder, terror, and delight !
1830.

Infant Christ, with Flowers.

YES,—I can fancy, in the spring
Of childhood's sunny hours,
That Nature's infant Priest and King
Loved to gaze on flowers ;

For lightly, 'mid the wreck of all,
When torn from Eden's bowers,
Above the billows of the fall
Floated gentle flowers :

Unfallen, sinless, undefiled,
Fresh bathed in summer showers,
What wonder that the holy Child
Loved to play with flowers?

In these He saw His Father's face,
All Godhead's varied powers,
And joy'd each attribute to trace
In sweet unconscious flowers :

In these He found where Wisdom hides
And modest Beauty cowers,
And where Omnipotence resides,
And Tenderneſs,—in flowers !

Innocent Child, a little while,
Ere yet the tempeſt lowers,
Bask Thy young heart in Nature's ſmile,
Her lovely ſmile of flowers ;

Thy young heart,—is it not array'd
In feelings ſuch as ours ?—
Yes, being now of thorns afraid,
I ſee Thee crown'd with flowers.

1830.

Nobody Feels or Cares !

THE world is dying, its heart is cold,
And well-nigh frozen dead,—
A sorrowful thing it is to grow old,
With all the feelings fled,—
Dull are its eyes, and dismal its voice,
And a mourner's cloak it wears,
For all have forgotten to love or rejoice,—
Nobody feels or cares.

Time was, when zeal and honour and joy,
And charities cheering life,
Mix'd grains of gold with the mass of alloy,
And starr'd this night of strife ;
But now, it is all for a man's own self,
And not how his neighbour fares ;
Except for pleasure, and pride, and pelf,
Nobody feels or cares.

Be wise, or a fool,—be good or be bad,
To others it's much the same ;
They heed not a whit if you're merry or sad,
Or worthy of praise or blame :
The world is reaping its broadcast seed
Of briers and thorns and tares,
And the only word in which all are agreed
Is—Nobody feels or cares !

Low Spirits.

It is not Time,—I joy to see
My children growing up ;
It is not Sin,—remorse for me
Holds out no bitter cup ;
Nor doth Mammon's dreary din
Add its gloom to Time or Sin.

It is not that the Past was sweet,—
Many griefs were there ;
It is not that the Future's feet
Are shrouded up in care ;
Providence is wise and kind,
And I am strong for heart and mind.

Why, then, be sad ? why thus, my heart,
Disquieted within ?
Great is the mercy that thou art
Unscared by care and sin ;
That Time to thee has small alloy,
And Memory's thoughts are thoughts of joy.

Why, then, so sad ?—My friends of old
Are dead and gone, or changed ;
The poor dear nest of home is cold,
And each old haunt estranged ;
So that I walk a stranger there,
With none to feel for how I fare !

True,—many new-found friends may throng,
And make a passing show ;
But ever as they stream along
Like dreams they come and go,—
And,—however kind they be,
They bring not back the Past to me !

Canterbury Pilgrims.

A "GOD SPEED."

HEAVEN speed you, noble band !
Link'd together, heart and hand,
Sworn to seek that far-off land,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
Heaven speed you ! brothers brave,
Waft you well by wind and wave ;
Heaven shield you ! Heaven save !
Canterbury pilgrims !

Like a queen of swarming bees,
England, hived amid the seas,
Sends you by a favouring breeze,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
With a mother's tender care,
To her southern sister there,
Her young sister, fresh and fair,
Canterbury pilgrims

Fresh the foil, and fair the clime,
Lightly touch'd by toil or time,
Scarcely tinged with care or crime,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
Go then, cheerfully go forth !
Hasten to replenish earth
With Old England's honest worth,
Canterbury pilgrims !

Ay—with industry—for gold,
Godliness—for wealth untold,
Go, in Christian duty bold,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
Glad New Zealand bids you share
Each man plenty, and to spare,—
God be with you then and there,
Canterbury pilgrims !

New Zealand.

A SONG FOR THE ANTIPODES.

QUEEN of the South ! which the mighty Pacific
 Claims for its Britain in ages to be,
 Bright with fair visions and hopes beatific,
 Glorious and happy thy future I see !
 Thither the children of England are thronging,
 There for true riches securely to search ;
 Not for thy gold, California, longing,
 But for sweet home, with enough, and a Church !

There, a soft clime, and a soil ever teeming
Summer's December, and Winter's July,
The bright Southern Cross in the firmament gleaming,
The Dove, and the Crown, and the Altar on high,—
There, the broad prairies with forest and river,
There, the safe harbours are bidding men search
For Thy best blessings, O heavenly Giver !
Home, with enough, and an Englishman's Church !

Yes ; for Britannia, the Mother of Nations,
Sends out her children, as teeming old Greece,
Good men and great men, to stand in their stations,
Merchants of plenty, and heralds of peace :
Stout Anglo-Saxons ! Port Victory calls you ;
Take the glad omen, and speedily search
Where you shall gather, whatever befalls you,
Truest of treasures, a Home and a Church !

Fifty years hence,—look forward and see it,
Realm of New Zealand, what then shalt thou see ?
(If the world lives, at THE FATHER'S So be it)
All shall be greatness and glory with thee !
Even should Britain's decay be down-written
In the dread doom-book that no man may search,
Still shall an Oxford, a London, a Britain,
Gladden the South with a Home and a Church !

The Labourer's Ballad.

FAIR work for fair wages!—it 's all that we ask,
 An Englishman loves what is fair,—
 We'll never complain of the toil or the task,
 If livelihood comes with the care ;
 Fair work for fair wages!—we hope nothing else
 Of the mill, or the forge, or the foil,
 For the rich man who buys, and the poor man who sells,
 Must pay and be paid for his toil.

Fair work for fair wages!—we know that the claim
 Is just between master and man ;
 If the tables were turn'd we would serve him the same,
 And promise we will when we can :
 We give to him industry, muscle, and thew,
 And heartily work for his wealth ;
 So he will as honestly give what is due,
 Fair wages for labour in health.

Enough for the day, and a bit to put by
 Against illness, and slackness, and age ;
 For change and misfortune are ever too nigh
 Alike to the fool and the sage ;
 But the fool in his harvest will wanton and waste,
 Forgetting the winter once more,
 While true British wisdom will timely make haste
 And save for the "basket and store!"

Ay; wantonness freezes to want, be assured,
And drinking makes nothing to eat,
And penury's wasting by waste is secured,
And luxury starves in the street!
And many a father with little ones pale,
So rack'd by his cares and his pains,
Might now be all right if, when hearty and hale,
He never had squander'd his gains!

We know that prosperity's glittering fun
Can shine but a little, and then
The harvest is over, the summer is done,
Alike for the mast and men:
If the factory ship with its Captain on board
Must beat in adversity's waves,
One lot is for all!—for the great cotton lord
And the poorest of Commerce's slaves;

One lot! if extravagance reign'd in the home,
Then poverty's wormwood and gall;
If rational foresight of evils to come,
A cheerful complacence in all:
For sweet is the morsel that diligence earn'd,
And sweeter, that prudence put by;
And lessons of peace in affliction are learn'd,
And wisdom that comes from on high!

For God, in his providence ruling above,
And piloting all things below,
Is ever unchangeable justice and love,
In ordering welfare or woe:

He bleſſes the prudent for heaven and earth,
And gladdens the good at all times,—
But frowns on the finner, and darkens his mirth,
And laſhes his follies and crimes.

Alas! for the babes, and the poor pallid wife
Hurl'd down with the ſot to deſpair,—
Yet,—God ſhall reward in a happier life
Their puniſhment, patience, and pray'r!
But woe to the caitiff, who, ſtarved by his drinks,
Was ſtarving his children as well,—
O man, break away from the treacherous links
Of a chain that will drag you to Hell!

Come along, come along, man! it's never too late,
Though drowning, we throw you a rope!
Be quick and be quit of ſo fearful a fate,
For while there is life there is hope!
So wiſely come with us, and work like the reſt,
And ſave of your pay while you can;
And Heaven will bleſs you for doing your beſt,
And helping yourſelf like a man.

For Labour is money, and Labour is health,
And Labour is duty on earth;
And never was honour, or wiſdom, or wealth,
But Labour has been at its birth!
The rich,—in his father, his friend, or himſelf,
By head or by hand muſt have toil'd,
And the brow that is canopied over with pelf,
By Labour's own ſweat has been foil'd!

The New Home.

PENT in wynds and closes narrow,
Breathing pestilential air,
Crush'd beneath oppreſſion's harrow,
Faint with famine, bow'd with care,—
Gaunt Affliction's ſons and daughters !
Why ſo ſlow to hear the call
Which The Voice upon the waters
Preaches ſolemnly to all ?

Hark ! Old Ocean's tongue of thunder
Hoarſely calling bids you ſpeed
To the ſhores he held aſunder
Only for theſe times of need ;
Now, upon his friendly ſurges
Ever, ever roaring Come,
All the ſons of hope he urges
To a new, a richer home !

England and her ſea-girt ſiſters
Pine for want in ſeeming wealth ;
Though the gaudy ſurface glitters,
This is not the hue of health.
Oh ! the honeſt labour trying
Vainly here to earn its bread,—
Oh ! the willing workers dying,
Unemploy'd, untaught, unfed !

Thousand fights that melt to pity,—
Move to fear, or—tempt to scorn!
Wretched swarms in field and city,
Wherefore are these paupers born!—
Shall I tell you, heirs of pleasure?
Shall I teach you, sons of pain?
Unto both, each in his measure,
Stir I now this earnest strain.

Lo! to every human creature
Born upon this bounteous earth,
Speaks the GOD of grace and nature,
Speaks for plenty or for dearth:
Till the ground; if not, thou starvest;
Fear shall drive to duteous toil:
Till the ground; a golden harvest
Then shall wave on every foil!

And behold! the KING All-glorious
Unto Britain tythes the world,—
Everywhere her crown victorious,
Everywhere her cross unfurl'd!
GOD hath given her distant regions,
Broad and rich; and store of ships;
GOD hath added homeborn legions,
Steep'd in trouble to the lips!

Join, then, in one holy tether
Those whom man hath put aside,
Those whom GOD would link together,
Earth and labour well-applied:

Ho ! thou vast and wealthy nation,
Wing thy fleets to every place,
Fertilising all Creation
With the Anglo-Saxon race !

England's frank and sturdy bearing,
Scotland's judgment, true and tried,
Erin's headlong headstrong daring,
And the Welshman's honest pride ;—
Send these forth, and tame the savage,
Sow his realms with British homes,
Where till now wild monsters ravage,
Or the wilder Bushman roams.

Let, as erst in Magna Græcia,
Nobles, sages, join the ranks ;
And for vacant Austral-Asia
Leave for good these swarming banks ;
Not as exiled,—but with honour,
Told in tale, and sung in song ;
With the Queen,—God's blessing on her !—
Speeding this good work along.

Then the wilderneys shall blossom,
And the desert, as the rose ;
While dear Earth's maternal bosom
With abundance overflows :
Then shall Britain gladly number
Crowds of children, now her dread,
That her onward march encumber
With the living and—the dead !

Ay! for bitter is the contest
As a struggle, life for life,
Where the very meal thou wantest
Was for little ones and wife,—
Where they slowly pine and perish
That the father may be strong,
Some taskmaster's wealth to cherish,
By his labour, right or wrong!

Haste, then, all ye better natures,
Help in what must bless the World :
See, those cellar-crowded creatures
To Despair's own dungeon hurl'd ;—
Send—or lead them o'er the waters
To the genial shores, that give
Britain's sacred sons and daughters
Man's great privilege—to Live!

There,—instead of scanty wages,
Grinding rent and parish tax,—
In the wood, unheard for ages,
Rings the cheerful freeman's axe ;
Whilst in yonder cozy clearing,
Home, sweet Home, rejoices life,
Full of thoughts and things endearing,
Merry babes and rosy wife.

There,—instead of festering alleys,
Noisome dirt, and gnawing dearth,—
Sunny hills and smiling valleys
Wait to yield the wealth of Earth!

All She asks is—human labour,
Healthy in the open air ;
All she gives is—every neighbour
Wealthy, hale, and happy There !

Pauper Burials.

O CRUEL tender mercies of the bad !
O foolish wisdom of the mean and base !
Alas for charities that make men sad,
And harden into brutes the human race !
From such philanthropy defend us, Heaven,—
From statesmanship like this for evermore
Rescue, untainted by such bitter leaven,
The wholesome natures of our honest poor !

What,—is it not enough through life to brand
With that un-English word a “pauper’s” name
Each aged rural worthy of the land,
Dressed in the dull drab livery of shame,—
To tear him from his home and bairns and wife,
And use him in the workhouse as a slave,
Till having water-gruel’d him from life,
You hide his parish coffin in the grave ?

No ! now, it seems, to hold our “paupers” dead,
That pauper burial-places must be found,
To stigmatise,—albeit the spirit’s fled,—
The poor man’s body rotting underground !

For deeper scorn to make his widow weep,
His cowering orphans shrink for humbler shame,
Because, ay even in his last long sleep,
Your mercies blight their pauper father's name!

Dear English poor! this wrong shall never be,
Whatever hardship else your lot befall;
The grave at least from tyrants shall be free,
An honourable open bed for all:
Six feet in his churchyard, that hallow'd spot,
Is due of common right to every man
Gone to the bourn where Mammon blesses not,
And where Its curses may no longer ban.

Ay! we will have no Golgothas forfooth,
No potters' fields to bury strangers in,
No skull-places for tyranny's hard tooth,
Where that hyena still may gnaw and grin,—
Death, the Deliverer, shall be sanctified,
In poor men's bodies as in rich men's bones,
And poverty shall lie "my lords" beside,
E'en though in life for bread they gave him stones.

Enough! if indignation fires my heart,
I burn as universal England will,
When, finding out the central spider's art,
We tear to shreds his despot-web of skill:
Hear, shallow Statesman! differences cease.
Where for a foul earth's trial scene is o'er;
And so our brother, dead at last in peace,
Is Equal Man, a pauper now no more.

A Word of Wisdom.

MAKE the best of all things,
As thy lot is cast ?
Whatfoe'er we call things
All is well at last,
If meanwhile, in cheerful power,
Patience rules the suffering hour.

Make the best of all things,—
Howfoe'er they be ;
Change may well befall things
If it 's ill with thee ;
And if well, this present joy
Let no future fears destroy.

Make the best of all things,—
That is Wisdom's word ;
In the day of small things
Is its comfort heard,—
And its blessing soothes not less
Any heyday of success.

Make the best of all things ;
Discontent's old leaven
Falsely would forestall things
Antedating heaven,—
But smile thou and rest content,
Bearing trials wisely sent.

The Early Gallop.

AT five on a dewy morning,
Before the blazing day,
To be up and off on a high-mettled horse
Over the hills away,—
To drink the rich sweet breath of the gorse
And bathe in the breeze of the Downs,
Ha! man, if you can, match bliss like this
In all the joys of towns!

With glad and grateful tongue to join
The lark at his matin hymn,
And thence on faith's own wing to spring
And sing with Cherubim!
To pray from a deep and tender heart,
With all things praying anew,
The birds and the bees, and the whispering trees,
And heather bedropt with dew,—
To be one with those early worshippers,
And pour the carol too!

Then, off again with a slacken'd rein,
And a bounding heart within,
To dash at a gallop over the plain,
Health's golden cup to win!
This, this is the race for gain and grace
Richer than vases and crowns;

And you that boast your pleasures the most
Amid the steam of towns,
Come, taste true bliss in a morning like this,
Gallop[ing] over the Downs !

Para China.

THE sea ripples bright, and the clouds sail high,
And the sun shines clear in the pure blue sky,
And the pastoral valleys are laughingly gay,
And the harvest is blest with a brilliant day,
And off I stroll to the free sea-side,
For an agate hunt in the down-dropping tide.

O bright pebble-beach, just wet from the sea,
Thy glittering jewels are waiting for me !
And, even if haply no jewels be there,
These grand red cliffs, and this sweet fresh air,
And the rocks in seaweed tapestry clad
Are pearls to my spirit, making me glad.

Ah, Nature ! loveliest when most wild,
Own me,—for I am thine own fond child,—
I love thee in storm, I love thee in calm,
And all thy solitudes are my balm,—
But chiefest I love to be lonely and free
In my agate hunts by the shore of the sea.

Self-Reliance.

ALONE,—at the point of the spear
True Genius does battle, Alone,—
Unhelp'd, and unhinder'd, by favour or fear,
He wins what he wins as his own ;
In spite of his foes—and his friends,
With stern self-reliance he plans
By means all his own to achieve all his ends,
Alone,—by God's help and not Man's !

Whatever was ever achieved
Of Great in the world or of Good,
Was never at first by the many believed,
But ever malign'd and withstood ;
So, Genius goes on with a will,
And flurdily fights the good fight,
Assured in himself that the victory still
Shall stand with the might and the right.

And, when his great fight is well fought,
A fight of hard struggles and strong,
The World, that hath never help'd Right as it ought,
Will turn and repent of its wrong ;
But, utterly then will forget
That, till the man made him a name,
It never encouraged nor prophesied yet
The greatness of Children of Fame.

My Epsom Ride.

THE breezy Downs, and a spirited horse,
And the honey'd breath of the golden gorse,
And tinkling bells of the bleating ewes,
And a bright panorama of changing views,
And all that is peaceful and cheerful beside,
O these I get in my Epsom Ride!

Fifteen glad miles, road, common, or dell,
My pretty grey Brenda has carried me well,—
And blest be the calms and the solitudes there
Among the young leaves in the sweet spring air,
And—hundreds of happiest thoughts beside
Gallop'd with me in my Epsom ride!

Nothing reck I for the Race itself,
Its rogues with their poison, or fools with their pelf;
And, as for its covetous follies and sins,
I care not a button which horse wins,—
Colours and riders and all beside
Are nothing to me in my Epsom Ride!

But, friends at lunch in their dusty drags,
And gay satin jockeys on swift fleek nags,
And moving acres of human faces
Watching their fate in the feverish races,—
These are electric flashes beside,
Dotting the day of my Epsom Ride.

Dream not thou that the day's illspent ;
 For my heart has been cheer'd, and my mind unbent,
 And here in the saddle coming along,
 I've jotted you, friend, this Derby song,
 To prove that Pegasus trotted beside
 My pretty grey mare in my Epfom Ride.

Caste.

FOR THE SOUTH INDIAN SCHOOL-BOOK.

WOULD GOD the days indeed were past
 When men and brethren scorn'd each other !
 Would GOD the hour was come at last
 When man in man beheld a brother !

Alas, for hatreds ! and the dearth
 Of love, where so much is forgiven ;
 Alas, that evil weeds of earth
 So choke the blessed flowers of Heaven !

O Reason, fling those thorns aside
 That spoil the Christian tiller's labour :
 O Faith, arise to baffle pride,
 And teach us all to love our neighbour.

Let no enlighten'd Brahmin's eyes
 Be bound by prejudice so blindly,
 As the poor Sudra to despise,—
 But look on even Pariahs kindly.

Let none exclaim in boast of birth,
"Stand by thyself, for I am holy"—
For God's Avator when on earth
Was only loving, meek, and lowly.

His happy Gospel urges all
To live as brethren well and truly,
For all were ruin'd by the Fall,
And all may claim forgiveness duly.

Away, then, with those bitter feuds
That class from class unjustly sever;
Exchange their banes for brotherhoods,
And, Brethren! be at one for ever.

Away with Caste, the Simoom blast
That must each better feeling smother,—
Away with India's curse of Caste,
And welcome every man a brother!

English Spirit.

WHEN every parish had its butt,
And every man his bow,
And billhook dealt a sabre-cut
As well as faggot blow,
No rash invader threaten'd then
To scare us with alarms,
For Englishmen, as Englishmen,
Were famous men-at-arms.

But, since the jealousy of kings
And class and party hate,
And sloth and mean peace-mongerings
Had canker'd us of late,
On hireling regiments we hung,
Defenceless but for those :
And to the skirts of captains clung,
As paid to fence with foes.

But now, what Englishmen were once
We shall be such once more,—
Our worthy fathers' worthy sons
Will sentinel each shore,
And line each hedge, and man each height,
And garrison each grange,—
And woe to every foreign wight
Within our rifle range !

No dastard tongue shall dare advise
Subservience to the foe,
We 'll hang the quaking knave who tries
A gentle front to show ;
Our front shows Death to every man
Who dares our homes molest ;
And we will kill him as we can,
And, anyhow is best !

Hide close,—look sharp,—behind a tree
The rifle surest hits ;
And count it wise betimes to flee,
As counsell'd by your wits :

To flee, but not as cowards can,
For fear of death or pain,
But, which may well become a man,
That you may fight again.

No quarter, is the Patriot's word,
If brigands dare the deed ;
Not even Mercy shall be heard
Where Justice hath decreed,
And should some skulking cravens think
Submission would be wise,
Such doctrines in our nostrils sink—
To gibbets shall they rise !

Strategy shall not make us flinch
To suit some Horse-Guards' plan,
But field by field, and inch by inch,
We 'll struggle man to man ;
As individual prowess may
We 'll battle to the knife,
And pirate hordes shall pay their way
At least with life for life !

O Mother England, true and dear,
Free mother of free sons,
Thou shalt not be imperill'd here
By any traitorous ones ;
Our spirit is the same as when
Our fathers strung their bows,
For half a million Englishmen
Point rifles at thy foes !

The Inauguration of the Prince Consort's Statue.

FOR MUSIC.

FROM Arthur's mystic days,
Through all the cycles since,
Never has lived a Name of praise
To match our Blameless Prince ;
All England's Great and Good
Were sponsors to His fame,
Alfred and pious Edward stood
Hand-link'd to bless That name !

O pure and generous Heart !
O wise and thoughtful Head !—
Praises to Heaven for all Thou art,
The Living, not the Dead !
Yes, ALBERT,—Thou hast seen
How truly England's love
And the heart-homage of Thy Queen
Have followed Thee Above !

And now, Thy Spirit freed,
Is it not hovering nigh,
To help us in our hallow'd deed
And bless us from on high ?
Yes !—happy, holy thought—
Perchance Thy musical hymn
Mingled with ours from Heaven has caught
The joys of Seraphim !

A Rifle Ballad.

KING ALFRED forth from Athelney leapt,
'Twas a thousand years ago,—
Those pirates thought that the Lion had slept,
Because to his lair he so quietly kept ;
But out he lash'd, and suddenly swept
His den of the Danish foe !

And brave Queen Bess, when at Tilbury Fort
She rode out stern and slow,
Throng'd by her people, her guards, and her court,
With Drake in the Channel, and Howard in port,
O how that old Queen of the Pope made sport
And jeer'd at a Spanish foe !

And now, well muster'd on common and heath,
Victoria's sons will show
How wisely, though friends, we are arm'd to the teeth,
And care for no power on earth, or beneath,—
Should even a "faithful ally" slip sheath,
And come sword in hand as a foe !

Ready,—ay, ready ; for freedom we stand ;
And so the wide world shall know
That, girt by her children, one brotherly band,
Riflemen swarming all over the land,
With plenty of Drakes in the Channel at hand,
Old England fears no foe !

The Battle of Roleia.

A MILITARY BALLAD.

YE children of the veterans
Who fought for faithless Spain,
And for ungrateful Portugal
Pour'd out their blood like rain,—
Come near me, and hear me,
For I would tell you well
How gallantly your fathers fought,
Or gloriously they fell !

I sing Roleia's bloody strife,
The first of many frays,
When iron Wellesley led us on,
Invincible always ;
Roleia, gay and evergreen,
Festoon'd with vines and flowers,
Roleia, scorch'd and blood-bedew'd,—
And half that blood was ours !

The seventeenth of August
It shone out bright and clear,
And still we press'd the Frenchman's flank,
And hung upon his rear ;
From Brilos and Obidos
Had we driven the bold Laborde,
And now among the mountain rocks
We fought him with the sword !

All golden is the plain with wheat,
All purple are the hills
With luscious vineyards ripe and sweet,
And laced with crystal rills ;
Yet must the rills run down with gore,
The corn be trampled red,
Before Roleia's threshing-floor
Is glutted with her dead !

O cheerily the bugles spoke,
And all our hearts beat high
When over Monte Junto broke
The sun upon the sky ;
Right early from Obidos
We gladly sallied then
A goodly host, in columns three,
Of fourteen thousand men.

Brave Ferguson led on the left,
And Trant the flanking right,
With iron Arthur in the midst,
The focus of the fight ;
And fast by Wellefley's gallant side
The Craufurd rode amain,
And Hill, the British soldier's pride,
And Nightingale, and Fane.

Crouching like a tiger,
In his high and rocky lair,
The Frenchman howl'd and show'd his teeth
And—with'd he wasn't there ;

For Craufurd, Hill, and Nightingale
Flew at him as he lay,
And up our gallant fellows sprang
As bloodhounds on the prey.

And look ! we hunt the bold Laborde
To Zambugeira's height,—
While Trant with Fane and Ferguson
Outflank him left and right ;
And then with cheers we charge the front,
With cheers the foe reply,—
No child's play was that battle brunt,
We swore to win or die !

Rattled loud the muskets' roar,—
We struggled man to man,—
The rugged rocks were wash'd in gore,
With gore the gullies ran !
Fiercely through those mountain paths
Our bloody way we force,—
And find in strength upon the heights
The Frenchman, foot and horse :

Ah, then, my Ninth, and Twenty-ninth,
Your courage was too hot,
For down on your disorder'd ranks
Secure they pour the shot ;
But all their horse and foot and guns
Could never make you fly,—
The losing Frenchman fights and runs,
But Britons fight—and die !

Up to the rescue, Ferguson !
And keep the hard-fought hill ;
Their chiefs are pick'd off, one by one,
And lo, they rally still ;
They rally, and rush stoutly on,—
The bold Laborde gives way,—
The day is lost ! the day is won !
And ours is the day !

Then well retreating, sage and slow,
Alternately in mass,
With charging horse, the wily foe
Gains Runa's rocky pass ;
And left us thus Roleia's field,
With other fields in store,
Vimeira, Torres Vedras,
And half a hundred more !

Waterloo.

A BALLAD FOR THE SOLDIER.

THERMOPYLÆ and Cannæ
Were glorious fields of yore,
Leonidas and Hannibal
Right famous evermore ;
But we can claim a nobler name,
A field more glorious too,
The chief who thus achieved for us
Victorious Waterloo.

Let others boast of Cæsar's host,
Led on by Cæsar's skill,
And how fierce Attila could rout,
And Alaric could kill,—
But we—right well, O hear me tell
What British troops can do,
When marshalled by a Wellington
To win a Waterloo!

Oh for a Pindar's harp to tune
The triumphs of that day!
Oh for a Homer's pictured words
To paint the fearful fray!—
Alas, my tongue and harp illstrung,
In feeble tones and few,
Hath little skill, yet right good-will,
To sing of Waterloo.

Then gather round, my comrades,
And hear a soldier tell
How full of honour was the day
When—every man did well!
And though a soldier's speech be rough,
His heart is hot and true,
While thus he tells of Wellington
At hard-fought Waterloo.

Sublimely calm, our Iron Duke,
A lion in his lair,
Waited and watch'd with sleepless eye
To see what France would dare;

Nor deign'd to stir from Brussels
Until he surely knew
The foe was rushing on his fate
At chosen Waterloo.

What? should the hunter waste his strength,
Nor hold his good hounds back,
Before he knows they near the foes
And open on the track?
No: let "surprise" blight Frenchman's eyes,
For truly they shall rue
The giant skill that, stern and still,
Drew them to Waterloo!

Hotly the couriers gallop up
To Richmond's festive scene,—
Alone, alone the chieftain stood
Undaunted and serene;
Ready, ready,—staunch and steady,—
And forth the orders flew
That march'd us off to Quatre Bras
And whelming Waterloo.

Begin, begin with Quatre Bras,
That twinborn field of flame,
Where many a gallant deed was done
By many a gallant name;
That battle-field, which seem'd to yield
An earnest and review
Of all that British courage dared
And did at Waterloo.

We heard from far old Blucher's guns,
At Ligny's blazing freet,
And hurried on to Weimar's aid,
Right glad the foe to meet ;
A score of miles to Quatre Bras ;
But still to arms we stood,
And cheerly rush'd, without a pause,
To win the Boissy wood :

Then, just like cowards, three to one,
Before we could deploy,
To crush us, Ney and Excelmans
Flew down with fiendish joy ;
But stout we stood in hollow squares,
And fought, and kept the ground,
While lancer spears and cuirassiers
Were charging us all round !

Ay, ay, my men, we battled then
Like wolves and bears at bay,
And thousands there among the dead
With fable Brunswick lay :
And back to back in that attack
The Ninety-second fought,—
And "steadily" the Twenty-eighth
Behaved as Britons ought.

Then up came Maitland with the Guards,
Hurrah! they clear the wood ;
But still the furious Frenchmen charged,
And still we stoutly stood,

Till gentle night drew on, and that
Drew off the treacherous Ney,
For when the morning dimly broke
—The fox had stole away !

Thus much, my lads, for Quatre Bras;
And now for Waterloo,
Where skill and courage did it all,
With GOD's good help in view !
For we were beardless raw recruits,
And they, more numerous far,
Were fierce mustachioed mighty men,
The veterans of war.

The GOD of battles helped us soon,
As godless France drew nigh,
—It was the great eighteenth of June,
The sun was getting high,—
And suddenly two hundred guns
At once with thundering throats
Peal'd out their dreadful overture
In deep volcano notes !

Then, by ten thousands, horse and foot,
Came on the foaming Gaul,
And still with bristling front we stood
As solid as a wall :
And stout Macdonnell's Hougoumont,
The centre of the van,
Was storm'd and storm'd and storm'd—in vain,
—He held it like a man !

O who can count the myriad deeds
That hundreds did in fight ?
Ponsonby falls, and Picton bleeds,
And—both are quench'd in night :
And many a hero subaltern,
And hero private too,
Beat Ajax and Achilles both
In winning Waterloo !

What shall I say on that dread day
Of Ferrier and his band ?
Ten times he chafed the foes away,
And charged them sword in hand ;
Six of those ten he led his men
With blood upon his brow,—
And weakly in the eleventh died
To live in glory now !

Or, give a stave to Shaw the brave,
—In death the hero sleeps,—
Hemm'd by a score, he knock'd them o'er,
And hewed them down in heaps ;
Till, wearied out, the lion stout,
Beset as by a pack
Of hungry hounds, fell full of wounds,
But none upon his back !

And Halkett then before his men
Dash'd forward and made prize
(While both the lines for wonderment
Could scarce believe their eyes)

Of a gaily plumed French general
Haranguing his array !
—But Halkett caught him, speech and all,
And bore him right away !

Thee too, De Lancey, generous chief,
For thee a niche be found,—
Wounded to death, he scorn'd relief
Whilst others bled around :
And D'Oyley and Fitzgerald died,
Just as the day was won,—
And Gordon by his general's side—
The side of Wellington !

And Somerfet and Uxbridge then
Gave each a limb to death ;
Curzon and Canning cheer'd their men
With their last dying breath ;
And gallant Miller, stricken fore,
With fainting utterance cries,
“ Bring me my colours ! wave them o'er
Your colonel till he dies ! ”

Then furious wax'd the Emperor
That Britons wouldn't run,
“ Les bêtes, pourquoi ne furent-ils pas ?
Et donc, ce Vellington ? ”
But “ Vellington ” still holds his own
For eight red hours and more,
Why comes not Marshal Blucher down ?
—Ha !—there 's his cannons' roar,—

“Up, Guards, and at them! Charge!”—the word
Like forkèd lightning passes,
And lance and bayonet and sword
Rush on in glittering masses!
Back, back, the surging columns roll
In terrified dismay,
And onward shout against the rout
The conquerors of the day!

O now the tide of battle,
Is turn'd to seas of blood,
When case and grape-shot rattle
Among the multitude,
And Fates led on by Furies,
Destroy the flying host,
And Chaos, mated with Despair,
Makes all the lost most lost!

Woe, woe! thou caitiff-hero,
Thou Emperor—and slave,
Why didst not thou, too, nobly bleed
With those devoted brave?
No, no,—the recreant's thought was self,
And “*Sauve qui peut!*” his cry,
And verily at Waterloo
Did Great Napoleon die!

He died to fame, while yet his name
Was on ten thousand tongues,
That trusted him, and pray'd to him,
And—curst him for their wrongs!

O noble souls! Imperial Guard,
Had *your* chief been but true,
Ye would have stood and stopp'd the rout
At crushing Waterloo!

Still as they fled from Wellington
To Blucher's arms they flew;
These two made up the Quatre Bras
To clutch a Waterloo!
Ha! Blucher's Prussian vengeance
Was fully fated then,
When hated France upon the field
Left forty thousand men.

Thus, comrades, hath a soldier told
What Wellington's calm skill,
When help'd by troops of British mould
And God's Almighty will,
Against a Veteran triple force,
On battle-field can do:—
Then, three times three for Wellington,
The Prince of Waterloo!

A Dirge for Wellington.

A VOICE of lamentation
From the islands of the Sea !
Alas, thou sorrowing Nation,
Bereaved—alas for thee !
The wail as of a mother
Weeping for her son,—
When shall she bear another
Like that illustrious One ?

O Britain, broken-hearted
Bemoan the bitter day,—
Thy Hero is departed,
Thy Glory rent away :
Alas ! our joys are made to cease,
Our praise of old is fled,
Though first in war, and first in peace,—
Our Wellington is dead !

Was he not both our torch of War,
And Learning's peaceful lamp,
Achilles in the battle-jar,
And Nestor in the camp ?—
Our light is from us taken
To shine in other skies,
And we are left, forsaken
Of the valiant and the wise !

How are the mighty scatter'd,
That have lost their iron lord!
The spear and shield are shatter'd,
The battle and the sword!
The Champion of all Europe's rights
Is gone to his long rest,—
The Hero of a hundred fights
With endless Peace is blest!

Arise, angelic keepers
That watch the waiting dead;
And turn, ye silent sleepers,
Upon your narrow bed!
Arise,—and to those shadowy bands
Make this great spirit known,
The Guardian mind of many lands,
The Saviour of his own!

Mournfully, with measured pace,
The sad procession brings
Our chieftain to the resting-place
Of heroes and of kings;
And mournfully the minute gun
Tolls out to earth and air
The groans of Britain, one by one,
The sobs of her despair.

Step by step, with pomp and plume,
And black funereal state,
In solemn progress to the tomb
They reach the sacred gate;

Ye trumpets, hold your bated breath,
Be still, ye muffled drums,
For to the hallow'd halls of Death
The conquering hero comes !

Yea ! conquering still :—their leaden prison
(Through HIM who died to save)
The dead shall burst, redeem'd and risen
Triumphant o'er the grave :
The dead,—yea, this our Chief ; though not
By mortal might or power,
But by GOD'S Spirit, in his lot
Shall stand at that dread hour.

Meekly with charitable gaze
His faults or foibles scan,—
For he might walk this earthly maze
Not more, nor less, than man ;
Doubtless, he own'd to sins and wrongs
Like all beside that live,—
Yet unto us his good belongs,
His ill—may GOD forgive !

But stoutly too, with glad acclaim
Tell out his honest worth,—
There never lived a child of fame
More childlike on this earth !
Simple in heart, sincere in mind,
Just, resolute, and true,
DUTY was all he strove to find,
And all he dared to do !

Duty, though Death were on the track,
Though scorn were in the way,
Duty, though pleasure beckoned back,
Or interest lured astray ;
Duty, Great Chief ! thy glorious name
Is link'd with Duty still,
Through civic strife, and martial fame,
Through good report and ill !

Oh, who shall worthily record
The trophies of his fame,
The wisdom of his lightest word,
The weight of his great name ?
For kings and men of every clime
Right nobly vied to raise
His glory's monument sublime
With pinnacles of praise !

Remember him, thou City
Of perjured Sahib slain,
How prompt his heart to pity,
How glad to heal again ;
Remember well his lightning eye,
False Scindiah, in that day
When myriads could not fight nor fly
The Victor of Affaye !

Sad Lusitania ! lost and won
In adverse fortune's night,
Remember him, whose presence shone
Thine Arbiter of Right ;

Remember him, thy conquering Chief
In red Vimeira's day,—
His gauntlet wiped thy tears of grief,
And swept thy foes away !

O rescued Spain, confider still
His glorious deeds for thee,—
The wonders of his forceful skill
That saved and set thee free !
Talavera ! Salamanca !
Vittoria !—fated name,—
And scores beside found far and wide
The echoes of his fame.

Of Fabian caution, lingering well
Before the leaguer'd fosse,
Let ridgy Torres Vedras tell
And storm-won Badajoz :
Of Julian vigour, swift to wreak
Full vengeance on the Gaul,
In thunder, San Sebastian, speak
To Ciudad's echoing wall !

O thwarted France, in thy worst hour
The scourge and curse of Man,—
O fell incarnate lust of power,
Thou baffled Corsican,—
Yell out his praise, whose trophied life
Was crown'd by crushing *you*,
And fear'd your hydra-heads of strife
In branding Waterloo !

Weep, grateful Prussia, well allied,
And thou, black Brunswick, weep !
And, Austria, swell this tribute tide
Of sorrow loud and deep :
All nations well avenged in fight,
All kingdoms of the world,
Mourn him, who still to help the Right
His battle flag unfurl'd.

Bewail, O land, thy patriot true,
The bulwark of thy state ;
Clear to expound, and bold to do,
In all things he was Great :
Bewail, ye cliffs, that white and hoar
By castled Dover stand,—
Alas ! that ye shall see no more
Our Nelson of the Land !

Ah, bitter day ! I hear a groan
From Britain's heart of oak :
Forth from the altar and the throne
That voice of anguish broke :
Alas, that he should perish
From the face of this dull earth,
And leave us but to cherish
The remembrance of his worth !

Full of honours, full of years,
Our Chief is dead and gone !
His epitaph a nation's tears,
As for a first-born son :

Though dead and gone,—yet shall he live !
Yea, live for earth, and heaven,—
By all that Man to Mind can give,
Or God to Soul hath given !

He lives, by trophies of the sword,
By triumphs of the pen,—
He lives, by noble deed and word
Within the hearts of men :
He is not dead, but sleepeth,—
Then why should Britain go,
As one that forely weepeth
Uncomforted in woe ?

With every earthly honour won,
And every praise achieved,
With every human duty done
His crown of light is weaved :
On Heaven's own archives, man may trust,
Not less than history's page,
His high reward is—With the Just
To live in every age !

Defence, not Defiance.

A RIFLE SONG.

NEARER the muttering thunders roll,
Blacker and heavier frowns the sky,—
Yet our dauntless English soul
Faces the storm with a steady eye ;
Hands are strong, where hearts are stout,
Our rifles are ready—Look out !

No one wishes the storm to roll here,
No one cares such a devil to raise ;
And in brotherhood, not in fear,
Only for peace an Englishman prays ;
Yet he may shout in the midst of the rout,
Our rifles are ready—Look out !

Keep to your own like an honest man,
And here's our hand, and here's our heart ;
Let the world see how wisely you can
Play to the end a right neighbourly part ;
But, if mischief is creeping about,
Our rifles are ready—Look out !

No defiance is on our lips,
Nothing but kindness greets you here ;
Still, in the storm our dolphin ships
Round the Eddystone dart and steer ;

And on shore, no doubt, no doubt,
Our rifles are ready—Look out !

Not defiance, but only defence
 Hold we forth for humanity's sake ;
And, with the help of Omnipotence,
 We shall stand when the mountains quake,—
Only in Him our hearts are stout,
Our rifles are ready—Look out !

Eheu! fugaces.

THE flying years! the flying years!
 How rapidly they wing away,—
With all their covey'd hopes and fears,
 A mingled flock of grave and gay!

Look on the Past,—a dream, a dream
 Of saddening thoughts and cloudy things ;
Look at the Future,—does it seem
 Less than a Fate with folded wings ?

Look to the Present,—this indeed
 Is worth our all of cost and care,—
And daily bread for daily need
 Is Wisdom's solitary pray'r.

A Wedding Lyric for the Princess of Prussia.

HERALDS ! it pertains to you
Styles and Titles to proclaim,—
Annalists ! with honour due
To surround each high-born name,—
Statesmen ! it is yours to raise
Gratulations far and wide,—
Princes ! aptly may ye praise
Royal Houses well allied.

But the minstrel, not unfought,
Whereof shall his spirit sing ?
Whither guide his drifting thought,
Whence his inspiration bring ?
Blazon'd shields, and kingly trees,
Pomp, and Pride, and balanced Power,—
He can yearn on none of these
In this festal happy hour.

England's Daughter, Prussia's Bride
Deigns to listen to his lay,
It were pleasurable pride
Her to please and praise to-day,—
But with trembling still he sings
Waiting for the sacred fire,
And his fingers, mid the strings,
Wander idly o'er his lyre.

Should he touch that thrilling theme,
Swift the human soul to move,
Young affection's tender dream
Blest and blessing wedded love ?
Should he tell of human hopes
For this earth almost too fair,
And arede the horoscopes
Of this glad affianced Pair ?

No ! for Mercy doth forbid
Man's dim guesses beyond his sense ;
Let the Future still be hid
In the skirts of Providence :
And, for all those holiest things,
Sacred are affection's flowers
In the palaces of Kings
As in humblest vestal bowers !

Lift not thou the veil—forbear—
Minstrel, lay thy lyre aside ;
Simply breathe a silent pray'r
For the Bridegroom and the Bride :
Pray that chance, and change, and time,
These true hearts may never sever ;
But, as now, with power sublime,
Love may reign in Them for ever !

Once More.

A LESSON FROM THE BRUCE'S SPIDER.

I.

WITH six defeats half mad,
The hunted Bruce in his lair
At Rachrin's Isle, all fullen and sad,
Lion-like brooded there :
"And must I yield me to shame,
Humbling my crown to the foe ?
Shall English Edward soar in his fame
With Scotland's Bruce laid low ?
Alas ! that the Red Comyn bled
Beneath my dagger's blow,—
Yes, yes ; my guilt, O thou Great Dead,
Must pay for it, woe for woe,—
And Holy Land, in dear Scotia's stead,
To the fallen Bruce be a funeral bed,—
Ah me ! that it must be so !"

II.

It was a peasant's cot,
With rafters rotten and old,
And the Bruce lay there, but he heeded not
That his canopy was not gold :

And, as he mused in his watch,
He noted, half in a dream,
A spider swinging under the thatch,
Swaying from beam to beam :
Six times in its aim it fail'd,—
A seventh—and lo ! the poor imp has prevail'd
Through stout perseverance in right ;
And the Bruce leapt up at the humble fight,
And the fortunate omen hail'd,
And straightway shouted, eager for fight,
“ Once more,—once more, for me ”
And onward he march'd in his royal might
Till the land of his love was free !

III.

And so, faint wrestler of life,
Many times foil'd and thrown,
If thou wouldst stand like a man in the strife
Where each must struggle alone,
Remember this word, “ Once More,”
Be it seven, or seven times seven ;
Knock yet again at The Father's door ;
Energy makes all Victory sure,—
Away with the faithless leaven !
Onward, upward, never give in !
“ Once more ” is ever the watchword to win
The crowns of Earth and Heaven !

The Sense of Wrong.

SWOLLEN torrent, dark and deep,
 Rushing down the rocky steep,—
 Tempest-driven cloud on high,
 Scudding wildly through the sky,—
 Dread volcano, muttering death
 From red-hot lips with burning breath,—
 Scarce shall these in type reveal
 What the nobler spirits feel
 When, in silence stern and strong,
 They wrestle with the Sense of Wrong.

Ha!—when insult hisses near,
 Or scorn drops hemlock on the ear,
 Or fraud has triumph'd over right,
 Or gentleness is mock'd by might,
 Or only, worth is seen unprized,
 Or only, honour goes despised,
 Then, in a whirlwind chafes along
 The soul beneath a Sense of Wrong!

Yes, Patriot of a race downtrod;
 Yes, Martyr for a slander'd God;
 Yes, Man of large and liberal mind
 Wroth with the meanness of mankind;
 Yes, all who love the lovely still
 And hate the vile with right good will,—
 Your hearts can echo to my song,
 And ache beneath the Sense of Wrong!

The Sense of Right.

CALM in well-deserving,
Happy at the heart,
Duty does his part
Steadfast and unswerving.

How should it affect him
If some mocking-birds
Clamour at his words,
Or the world neglect him ?

Conscience is the treasure
Lock'd within his breast,—
What were all the rest
To that inner pleasure ?

Brother, sunk in sorrow,
Find thy balm within,
To-day a comfort win
Before the heavenly Morrow.

Feed upon this blessing
Though thy path be rough,
Let it be enough
Such a grace possessing :

And when wrongs come near thee
Crowding to the fight,
Let the sense of Right
Make thee strong and cheer thee !

Railway Times.

O RAPID days, electric hours,
Flashing with all that kindles life,—
O shifting scene of suns and showers,—
O melodrame of love and strife,—
Such stirring racing bouts as these
Are too full of strong effects
For stale simplicity to please,
Or equal what the world expects.

Time was, a wonder lived nine days,
And sorry talents grew to fame ;
But now, one minute's curious gaze
Is all we give to note or name :
Glutted with news of all things strange,
We scarcely care to watch the turns
Our quick kaleidoscope of Change
Is working in the world's concerns.

The foaming river of events
Rushes adown its rocky steep,
And causes, facts, and consequents
Are hurl'd together in a heap,
And keen Excitement's rainbow light
Hangs iridescent o'er the fall
Of waters rushing in their might,
Solemnly overwhelming all,—

Ay,—a Niagara-life is ours !
No rest, but ever hurried on
By the great deep's gigantic powers,
By the strong wind Euroclydon,—
Yea, by the mighty flood of Fate,
Yea, by the gale of human crimes
We speed along, as if " too late "
Were the great terror of the times.

The lotus-eaters all are dead ;
There is no nook for quiet thought ;
The halcyon birds of peace are fled,
And calm contentment 's come to nought ;
Spur on,—spur on ! our steeds are strong,
No need to spare them in the pace ;
With reckless energy headlong
We all resolve to win the race.

O day of hot competing strife !
O crowded scene of struggling fin !
What chance of any prize in life
Has any tyro battling in ?
The rarest worth wins little gold ;
Wisdom has barely wit to live ;
What chance, compared with calms of old,
Does all our hurly-burly give ?

What chance ?—my counsel is, keep still ;
They do not drown who lie afloat,—
And quietness sets free the will
To pilot well the crankest boat ;

And,—he that stands aloof from strife,
Calmly resolved to thread the maze,
Shall quell to his Success in life
The riot of these rapid days.

Detraction.

THOU canst not help the thousand things
That might be better done ;
Corruption its black shadow flings
On all beneath the sun ;
Nor thought nor word nor deed can reach
The purity our yearnings preach.

Nothing is perfect ; be content,—
Thank GOD it is no worse ;
Creation pays a bitter rent
And sins beneath a curse ;
Thank GOD for blessing still bestow'd,
And grace to lift guilt's crushing load.

Thou canst not work thy nobler will
Unvex'd by sin and strife ;
A mingled draught of good and ill
Is still the cup of life ;
Take it and drink ; for it is meet
Thy spirit quaff that bitter sweet.

Detraction like a scorpion stands
 To strike at men and things;
 The spider with her hideous hands
 Clings to the skirts of kings;
 Be sure thy cot shall not escape
 The poison of that dreaded shape.

Slander shall mar thy purest work,
 And spot thy fairest robe;
 The cancer-roots of evil lurk
 Throughout the groaning globe;
 The thing well-done might better be;
 And there are thousand faults in thee.

The Heart and the Mind.

WARM heart, soft heart, generous and gentle,
 Full of sweet affections, sympathies, and loves,—
 How thou transcendest all the merely mental,
 How dost thou exceed in all The Holy One approves!
 In affliction's hour
 Gracious in thy power
 Tenderly thou comfortest a sister in distress,—
 And when matters brighten
 How thy smiles enlighten
 Every one that looks on thee, an angel sent to bless,
 Every eye that lights from thee its torch of happiness!

Clear mind, keen mind, wall'd about with greatness,
Conqueror unconquerable over human ill,
Theban Colossus fitting in sedateness,
How art thou in majesty a mighty spirit still !
In the day of trouble,
Though its grief be double,
Gloriously thou triumphest above the battle-din,
And when, after sadness,
All is turn'd to gladness,
Thou remainest calm, a true philosopher within,
Calm amidst a universe of folly, strife, and sin !

Great heart ! great mind ! be ye both united,
Knit in holy wedlock, mind and heart as man
and wife,—
So shall the soul, to strength and beauty plighted,
Bring forth all its precious fruits in perfect Christian
life !
Ever full of feeling,
Yet the spirit feeling
Sturdily against the wrongs and troubles of this earth ;
Ever strong and steady
Yet in spirit ready
Heartily to pity or to love where love is worth,
Lovingly to live the life begun at second birth !

What we all Feel.

AH ! Life,—so purposeless yet steep'd in self,
I do confess thee, yea, I do condemn thee,
So pack'd with pleasure, or so plann'd for pelf,
I do denounce thee, yea, I do condemn thee.

Ah ! Life,—so changeful, yet so dull and tame,
I dread and doubt thee, while I must despise thee,
So lotteried, and still so blank the same,
I wait and hope, despairing while I prize thee.

Ah ! Life,—be better ; yet thou hast no crime
Thus to abjure, for still thy will is worthy ;
Only thou weepest for the waste of time,
And that thou art too useless and too earthy.

Ah ! Life,—enduringly I watch and wait ;
Winter is patient, till the day be lengthen'd,
And well-ripe fruit, delay'd but not too late,
Comes of a root by frosty sorrow strengthen'd.

Yes, Life ! in hope, for ever luring on,
I wrestle in the crowd of men and manners,
Assured at last to find thy Battle won,
And Victory fanning me with purple banners.

The Gentleman.

Not alone by generous birth
 (Greatly though it fashions men),
Not by all the wealth of earth,
 Not by all the talents ten,
Not by beauty, nor by wit,
 No, nor manners well refined,—
Is that name of honour writ
 On the forehead of the mind.

Poverty retains it oft,
 With the peasant it hath dwelt,
And its influence sweet and soft
 In the scholarless been felt;
Lowly birth, and sorrow's power,
 All that want of all things can,
Have not marr'd—nor made—one hour
 This true knight, the Gentleman.

Charity,—unselfish zeal
 Left a sorrow or a shame
Any one be made to feel
 Undeserving scorn or blame,—
Dignity, the generous sense
 That himself is heir outright
To that heritage immense,—
 King and priest of worlds of light,—

Lowliness of heart withal,—
Purity of word and life—
Courage,—not for arms to call
But to quell insurgent strife,—
Honour,—for the good and true
With Bayard to guard the van,—
And what courtesies are due,
These make up the Gentleman.

Ay, Sir, calm and cold and proud,
Trust me, for the word is true,
There are thousands in the crowd
Finer gentlemen than you ;
More,—for all your courtly birth
And each boon by fortune given,
Know that gentlemen of earth
Are always gentle fons of heaven.

Chesterfields, and modes, and rules
For polish'd age or filted youth,
And high breeding's choicest schools
Need to learn this deeper truth,
That to act, whate'er betide,
Nobly on the Christian plan,
This is still the surest guide,
How to be the Gentleman !

Warning.

THINK not, O man, that strong Temptation's hour,
For all thy might of mind, is past to thee ;
Dream not, presumptuous, that thy state is free
From evil chance and change and Satan's power.

Hot Nature still may vex thy soul within,
And fire its house with wantonness or strife,
Still can thy heart make shipwreck of its life,
And drown in gulphs of dark tumultuous sin.

How canst thou guess the trials coming near,
Or whether some lost spirit be not sent
To lure thy pride to some due punishment,
For that, high-minded, thou hast cast off fear ?

O never is there safety for the soul
Out of true humbleness ; the purest saint
Shall burst through grace, and habit's good constraint,
If lust and pride within him win control.

Then, be thou ware, frail creature ! watch and pray ;
Thou hast no stores, but only manna given ;
Go, flee temptation at the gates of heaven,
And humbly ask thy daily bread to-day.

The Common Complaint.

TYRANNIC Circumstance ! whose jealous power
 Guards every turn, and watches every hour,
 With secret influences controlling still
 The conduct, and the spirits, and the will,
 Alas,—that each of us is seen a slave,
 In fetters from the cradle to the grave !
 What ?—am I free ? each natural bent within,
 Inherited infirmity and sin,
 The brain, the disposition, and the shape,
 And new-hatch'd passion, slumbering or agape
 With tastes inclined for normal peace or strife,
 These warp the man, and mould his heart and life.
 What ?—am I free ? each artifice without,
 Wherein convention hedges us about,
 Family likenesses of make and mind,
 Habit, example, usage harsh or kind,
 And every tone and temper all around,
 These link the chain to keep the freeman bound.

Poor Gulliver, the giant of the skies,
 Is tied to earth by countless petty ties ;
 Helpless in head and body, hands and feet,
 Worried by pigmies with their arrowy fleet,
 Humbled to wants, and cow'd by disesteem,
 And seeing things around as in a dream,
 Prostrate he lies,—with all his wit and power
 Made captive to the trifles of the hour !

Answered.

AND yet,—What is this ruthless Circumstance ?
 A stolid Fate ? or trivial thing of Chance ?
 What, O thou discontented ! is this Power
 Guiding thy way, and guarding every hour ?
 Is it aught else than GÓD's paternal care,—
 His providence o'erruling everywhere,
 His kind and mighty and mysterious Will
 That fix'd thee where thou art, and holds thee still ?
 O blind and ignorant,—who dost not know
 That all our checks and trials here below,
 Our inner crosses, and our outer cares,
 Our wants, temptations, sorrows, fears, and snares,
 That all the disappointment and the strife
 Which baffle hope and break the rest of life,
 All, all are *sent*,—and ordered from above
 In strictest justice and profoundest Love !
 A slave ? in fetters ?—Yes, for thou art bound
 To toil awhile for everything around ;
 Not to himself may any creature live,—
 Not to delights his time and talents give,—
 Not think of Gain amidst a world of Loss,—
 But duteously go forth, and bear—a cross !
 Thou canst not choose : the lot is cast for thee :
 Thy care be still in Duty's path to be ;
 Under all hindrance striving for the best,—
 And leaving Heaven to care for all the rest.

Fact.

THE die is cast,—be satisfied ;
The chance is past,—be still :
For this, no more Occasion's tide
Can waft thee good or ill ;
The hour is gone, the deed is done,
And all the battle lost or won.

Stand on the Fact in patience strong,
And never nurse regret ;
Bid this stern Present, right or wrong,
That dreamy Past forget ;
And work with all thy skill and power
The living duties of the hour.

All else is nought, all else is dead,
Disguise it as we may ;
Causes with yesterday have sped,
Results are here to-day ;
Take them, and use them as ye can
Right loyally for GOD and Man.

The Thought that was not born a Thing
Is only false Romance ;
Reality is Nature's King,
Unfearing change or chance ;
When men can stand upon a Fact,
Duty shows clear, and Faith may act.

The Good and the True.

Nothing lasts that is not good ;
Nothing stands that is not true :—
What a thing misunderstood,
What a thought kept out of view !
O pretences, shams, and cheats,
You may strut your little day,—
But Confusion swiftly meets
And surely drives you all away !

Never yet was Truth assail'd,
But the struggle gave it strength ;
“Great is Truth and has prevail'd ”
Always comes to pass at length :
Never yet was good attack'd,
But the very foe that smote
Whiten'd up what slander black'd,
And abjured what malice wrote !

What is Good ?—the pure and kind ;
What is Truth ?—the wise and right ;
And, in Matter as in Mind,
Both will live in death's despite :
But the bad, the false, the base,
Barely breathe one feverish hour,
Dying out of every place
Like a rootless nosegay flower.

How then comes it, that so oft
 Good men droop, and good things drown?
 How, that Lies are throned aloft,
 While so many Truths die down?
 —How?—For just a little while,
 And by just a herd of fools,
 Cheats are praised, and shams beguile,
 And sin is stout where Satan rules:

Ay,—but look a little higher,
 Forward post your eager eye,
 You that gloriously aspire,
 And on God and Right rely;
 Evil perishes,—for sake it,—
 Falsehood dies—renounce its sway,—
 But the Good, for treasure take it,—
 And secure the True to-day!

Chaos Crystallizing.

GIVE it only time enough,
 Every thing shall find its place;
 Every creature wins its race,
 Though the course be rough.

All is not Mistake on earth;
 Providence fulfils its plan;
 And Creation, down to man,
 Justifies its birth.

Folly builds her Babel tower,
Where,—since Wisdom well permits,—
Grey Old Sin a Nimrod fits
For his human hour :

Let a little time have fled,
And anon it topples down ;
And we tear away the crown
From that usurper's head !

All shall yet be right at last ;
Coming Day shall clear it up ;
And Creation's stirrup-cup
Sweeten all the past.

Good achieves its glorious ends ;
Soon for Evil's transient reign,
Spite of guilt and grief and pain,
Making rich amends.

Now, like crystallizing salts,
All is seen confusion here ;
But right soon it shall appear
Wisdom makes no faults :

Atom to its atom flies,
Every bevill'd angle fits,
Till at length fair Order fits
Enthroned on earth and skies.

A Consolation.

GOD be thank'd that storms blow over,
 GOD be praised that faith endures !
 Nature, universal lover,
 Ever works such timely cures ;
 Wolf-like fears may still be howling,
 But they come not near us oft
 If we scare them in their prowling
 By the torch of hope aloft !

Oh the many dreads and troubles
 Wisdom shows us,—only shows ;
 To the brim the cauldron bubbles
 But it seldom overflows ;
 To correct us and to try us
 Brood the black tempestuous skies,
 But those terrors come not nigh us
 If they find, or make us—wise.

HE, that is the Source and Sender,
 Knows how trouble chastens still ;
 But Himself is our defender
 When that trouble works for ill :
 Thus, our faith may trust Him blindly
 Should He send us help or grief,
 For His Sovereignty deals kindly
 Both in trial and relief !

A Sigh.

O LIFE!—what a dream,
What a tale that is told!
How strangely I seem
On a sudden grown old;
With records behind me
Of years by the score,
And all to remind me
That they are no more!

The friends of my prime
Are dead, or grown gray,
Or distanced by time,
Or stolen away;
And as my thought ranges
O'er people and things,
Perpetual changes
My memory rings!

Ah! days that are past,—
How vague to mine eyes
As perishing fast
Recollections arise!
O pity and sorrow
That feelings decay,
And ev'ry To-morrow
Out-clamours To-day!

But solemn in footh
 Is Yesterday's page,—
 Alas! for my youth,
 Alas! for mine age,
 Alas! is the fighting
 From heart and from head,
 For pleasures so flying
 And pleasures so fled!

Welcome!

YES! welcome, right welcome—and give us your
 hand,—

I like not to stand in the cold!
 If new friends are true friends I can't understand
 Why hearts should hold back till they're old;
 For life is so short, and there's so much to do,
 And so many pleasures and cares—
 And somewhere I've read that, though angels *are* few,
 They're sure to be met unawares!

The eye of sincerity shines like a star
 Through the clouds of suspicion and doubt;
 I love its fair lustre, and lure it from far,
 And wouldn't for worlds put it out:

Away with such wisdom, as risking the chance
Of killing young love with old fears—
The face that is honest is known at a glance,
And needn't be studied for years !

And when petty Prudence would put me to school
About caution, and care, and all that,
I trust that, like some folks, I yield to the rule
Of wearing a head in my hat ;
But more that remains is better than brains,
And I know not that some folks *are* blest,
Like me, with a share in a custom more rare,
Of wearing a heart in the breast !

Then come with all welcome ! I fear not to fling
Reserve to the winds and the waves,
And never can cling to the cold-blooded thing
Society makes of its slaves :
Thou dignified dullard, so cloudy and cold,
Get out of the sunshine for me ;
But, hearty good friend ! whether new one or old,
A Welcome for Ever to thee !

Halm.

PATIENCE yet one little hour,
Pale, unloved, uncourted flower,
 Seeing not the sun ;
Patience,—heart of depth and duty,
Yearning for the smiles of beauty,
 Never catching one :

Patience,—martyr following faintly,
Gentle nun, serene and faintly,
 Kneeling in the dust ;
Oh not vain thy long-enduring !
Still with meekest might securing
 Triumph to thy trust !

Hushing every mutter'd murmur,
Tranquil Fortitude the firmer
 Girdeth thee with strength ;
While, no treason near her lurking,
Patience, in her perfect working,
 Shall be Queen at length.

And, behold ! thy pious daring
Is a glorious crown preparing
 For thine own sweet brow ;
Precious pearls of softest lustre
Shall with brightest jewels cluster
 Where the thorns are now !

Faith and Patience! sister, brother,—
Lean in love on one another,
Calm for good or ill :
Comforted by surely knowing
That the Ruler is bestowing
Strength in fitting still !

O ye virgin spirits wafting,
O ye hearts of thousands, hasting
Darkly to decay,
Through the blight of disappointment,—
Tenderly, with precious ointment,
Lull those cares away ;

Tenderly, with wise beguilings,
Court sweet Patience for her smilings
On that ruin drear ;
Soon, with other sister graces,
Shall she make your hearts and faces
Laugh away their fear :

Self-Contentment, bright-eyed Duty,
Faith in his archangel beauty,
Joy, and Love sublime,
Follow,—Patience, where thy finger
Gently beckons Hope to linger
On the wrecks of time !

Selfishness.

How little and how lightly
We care for one another !
How seldom and how flightly
Consider each a brother !
For all the world is every man
To his own self alone,
And all beside no better than
A thing he will not own.

And O, the shame and sadness,
To see how insincerely
The heart, that in its gladness
Went forth to love men dearly,
Is chill'd, and all its warmth repell'd
As just a low mistake,
And half the cordial yearnings quell'd
It felt for others' sake.

The service it would render
Is call'd intrusive boldness,
And thus, that heart so tender,
Now hardening to coldness,
Returns, returns,—a blighted thing !
To scorn those early days,
The freshness of its green young spring,
Its beauty and its praise.

The Man about Town.

EVIL-EYED loiterer, pilgrim of fashion,
 Sunless and hard is thy frost-bitten heart ;
 Scoffing at nature's affection and passion,
 Till thou hast made the sad angels depart :
 Sinner and fool ! to be fearing and sealing
 All the sweet fountains of spirit and truth—
 Quick to be free from the freshness of feeling,
 Swift to escape from the fervours of youth.

Woe to thee—woe ! for thy criminal coldness ;
 Oh, I could pity thee, desolate man,
 But that those eyes, in their insolent boldness,
 Tempt me to scorn such a state, if I can :
 Wearied of hunting the shadows of pleasures,
 Thou art half dead in the prime of thy days,
 Emptied of Heaven's and Earth's better treasures,
 Victim and slave to the world and its ways !

Early and late at thy dull dissipation,
 Listlessly indolent even in sin,
 What is thy soul but a pool of stagnation,
 Calmness without, and corruption within ?
 Happiness, honour, and peace, and affection—
 These were thy heritage every one,—
 But as thou meetest them all with rejection,
 They have rejected thee, Prodigal Son !

O that humility, gracious as duteous,
 Lighten'd those eyelids so heavy with scorn!
 O that sincerity, blest as beauteous,
 Gilded thy night with the promise of morn!
 Frankness of mind is the best of high breeding—
 Kindness of soul the true Gentleman's part;
 And the first fashion all fashions exceeding,
 Is the warm gush of a generous heart!

Tangley Pond.

ALL on a happy summer's day
 When the air is warm and still,
 And thundery clouds are louring gray
 Over the landscape green and gay
 Around St. Martha's Hill,—

How pleasant it is, with a cheerful friend
 Of beautiful Nature fond,
 Across the fields our ways to wend,
 And here the calm sweet hours to spend
 Fishing at Tangley Pond.

I love the tapering rod to wield,
 And cast the sensitive float,
 Till down it runs with the line outreel'd
 And a fierce old pike, still scorning to yield,
 Flounders about in the boat:

I love the angle,—to watch and wait
For the perch so subtle and still,
Till deep in his hole he has gorged the bait,
And gluttony fixes a tyrant's fate
With a good gimp-hook in his gill :

I love the quiet,—the lull from care,—
The lake, all clear and calm,—
The flowering reeds, and the wild fowl there,—
The trees asleep in the fultry air,
And all things breathing balm.

Old Tangley Pond,—my boyhood's haunt,
My manhood's holiday rest,—
Let any that will my fondness taunt,
And mock while thus thy praise I chaunt,
Lull'd on thy tranquil breast.

Oh yes,—there is peace and quietness here
If nowhere found beyond ;
The way one's spirit to soothe and cheer
Is—angle awhile, in the prime of the year,
At dear old Tangley Pond.

Charity.

FAIR Charity, thou rarest, best, and brightest !

Who would not gladly hide thee in his heart,
With all thine angel-guests,—for thou delightest

To bring such with thee,—never to depart ?
Cherub, with what enticement thou invitest,

Perfect in winning beauty as thou art,
World-wearied man to plant thee in his bosom,
And graft upon his cares thy balmy blossom.

Fain would he be frank-hearted, generous, cheerful,

Forgiving, aiding, loving, trusting ALL,—

But knowledge of his kind has made him fearful

All are not friends, whom friends he longs to call ;
For prudence makes men cold, and misery tearful,

And interest bids them rise upon his fall,
And while they seek their selfish own to cherish,
They leave the wounded stag alone to perish.

Man may rejoice that thy sweet influence hallows

His intercourse with all he loves—in Heaven :
But canst thou make him love his sordid fellows,

And mix with them untainted by their leaven ?
How can he not grow cautious, cold, and callous,

When he forgives to seventy-times seven,
And still repeated wrongs, unwept for, harden
The heart that 's never sued nor sought to pardon ?

Reserve's cold breath has chill'd each warmer feeling,
Ingratitude has frozen up his blood,
Unjust neglect has pierced him past all healing,
And scarr'd a heart that panted to do good ;
Slowly, but surely, has distrust been feeling
His mind, much wrong'd, and little understood :
Would charity unseal affection's fountain ?
Alas ! 'tis crush'd beneath a marble mountain.

Yet the belief that he was loved by other
Could root and hurl that mountain in the sea,
Oblivion's depth the height of ill would smother,
And all forgiven, all forgotten be ;
Man then could love his once injurious brother
With such a love as none can give but he ;
The sun of love, and that alone, has power
To bring to bright perfection love's sweet flower !

Soft rains, and zephyrs, and warm rains can vanquish
The stubborn tyranny of winter's frost ;
Once more the smiling valleys cease to languish,
Drest out in fresher beauties than they lost :
So springs with gladness from its bed of anguish
The heart that felt not, when reviled and cross'd,
But, once beloved,—oh then, not once but often,
Love's sunny smile the rockiest heart will soften !

Calculated Comfort.

RECOLLECT, as well you may,
 (You that pine and brood in sorrow),
If there 's little luck to-day,
 More is left to come to-morrow ;
Every present grows to past
 Almost while the grumbler heeds it ;
But, for pleasure made to last,
 Look to where the future feeds it.

Coming chances must be more,
 (Reason will herself remind us),
And all prizes crowd before
 If the blanks are all behind us ;
Therefore, never go downcast,
 But let cares fit all the lighter,
Since a dark and luckless past
 Argues all the future brighter.

Paradise Lost.

ALAS for trouble and care and sin,
And bitterness, hate, and strife !
That the heart grows cold and callous within,
As stoned by the hail and stunn'd by the din
Of the storm-driven desert of life.

Alas ! that the world is winning the game,—
And—who then is counting the cost ?
O speed,—for fear, for glory, for shame,
Let Satan be baulk'd of his murderous aim,
For, the stake is—a soul to be lost !

Where stands Paradise, after the fall ?
Alas ! it has wither'd away,—
The slime of the serpent is over us all,
And Nature has veil'd with a funeral-pall
Her beautiful face in decay !

Cheerfulness.

(IN DACTYLIC STANZAS.)

LOVER of goodness, and friend to the beautiful,
 Ever go forth with a smile on thy cheek,
 Knowing that God will prosper the dutiful,
 Gladden the holy, and honour the meek ;
 Ever go on, though fortune be rigorous,
 Bearing as Providence wisely may will,
 Strong in good conscience, with energy vigorous,
 Building up good, and demolishing ill.

There is a spirit, that sadly and tearfully
 Goes to its duties, a slave to its tasks ;
 There is a spirit that stoutly and cheerfully
 Toils in the sunshine, and toils as it basks ;
 Both may be labouring, ripely and readily,
 Christians and husbandmen tilling the soil,
 But the one sings, while he labours so steadily,
 And the sad other sheds tears at his toil.

Be of this wiser and better fraternity,
 Nursing contentedness still in thy breast ;
 So shall thy heart, for time and eternity,
 Ache though it must, be for ever at rest :
 Peace is the portion of hopeful audacity,
 Routing the worst and securing the best,
 And the keen vision of Christian sagacity
 Sees for us all that we all may be blest !

Confidence.

(IN SAPPHIC STANZAS.)

NEVER went man courageously to dangers
Fear and his constant spirit being strangers,
But, while he faced his enemies and hew'd them,
Soon he subdued them :

As he goes onward, perils seem to scatter,
Mind ever shows the conqueror of matter ;
Even the mountain crags that toppled o'er him
Open before him ;

Even the torrents, riotously wrathful,
Are to his footsteps fordable and pathful ;
Even the prowlers, in the desert roaming,
Fly at his coming.

O man of faith, of energy, and boldness,—
Onward ! in spite of darkness and of coldness,—
Forward ! for Conquest with triumphal pleasure
Waits for thy presence :

Never, on Right and Providence relying,
Fail'd of success, while dutiously trying,
He, who resolves and wrestles like a Roman,
Yielding to no man !

Freedom.

(IN ALCAIC STANZAS.)

BULWARK of England, God-given Liberty!
Name much malign'd, yet noble and glorious,
How rarely the masses who claim thee
Judge as they ought of the fools that maim thee!

No part hast thou with clamorous demagogues,
Red revolution scares thee and scatters thee,
And despots have stolen thy standard
Only to render thee scorn'd and slander'd:

Still to enslave the credulous multitude
Is their intent in utter effrontery;
O treason, O shame, and O wonder,
That the one tramples the many under!

Man, when his Maker made him and fashion'd him,
Man stood as free as Mercy could order it,—
Free, saving Religion in season,
Saving the bridle and bit of Reason.

And when, as now, the Fall and its accidents
Drove him from God to human society,
Still Reason, Religion, and Frankness
Stand as the pruners of Freedom's rankness:

Reason, Religion, counsel and sanctify
Unto good order governing ministers,
And Frankness gives up to his brother
Much of his own, for the sake of other.

Freeman ! thy neighbour also has liberties ;
This may subtract his rights from thy heritage,—
But Freedom without moderations
Were but the licence of pirate nations.

England ! in thee shines Liberty's excellence ;
We are as free as serves for humanity,
Freespoken, freejudging, freeacting,
Nobody spying, and none exacting.

We love the Queen, and guard her with loyalty,
She loves the People, ruling us faithfully,
And those who amongst us are wiser
Counsel her, each as a free adviser.

Thus we reform whate'er is iniquitous,
Thus we remove whatever is obsolete,
Yet always resolve to deal fairly
Even with those who deserve it rarely :

Thus in the light of rational liberty
Each of us walks a patriot Englishman—
Courageous, but boasting it never ;
Moderate, honest, and patient ever.

And we can love our brethren in slavery,
Giving them all, with prodigal sympathy,
Our prayers, our blood, our treasure—
All we can give, without stint or measure :

And we can hate the base and tyrannical,
 Vowing to crush oppression and cruelty—
 And sharing with peoples and races
 All Christianity's gifts and graces.

England the free is Europe's deliverer,
 Standing with France, co-warders of Liberty;
 And Englishmen know how to use it,—
 Englishmen only will not abuse it!

Long Ago.

FOR MUSIC.

WHAT a gloom and what a chill
 Hang about old haunts of ours,—
 Where, at childhood's wayward will,
 Long ago we gather'd flowers;
 Where, in youth's romantic prime,
 Long ago we met and parted,
 In the olden golden time
 When we went so eager-hearted!

Ah! but in those long agoes,
 With their dreamy dear old places
 And forgotten joys and woes
 And their unforgetten faces,
 How much sorrow ever hides,
 Leaving what we loved behind us;
 While, how swift our life-dream glides,
 These sad long agoes remind us!

The Lost Arctic.

POOR Arctic! once awhile my floating home
Full of kind faces, my right royal yacht,
Alas! how swift and terrible a lot
Has caught and whelm'd thee in the billowy foam.

The gay saloon was ringing with its mirth,
—Sudden Collision comes with frightful crash,
And over all the riotous waters dash,
Rushing from deck to deck, from berth to berth!

I will not coldly try to paint in rhyme
Those thousand horrors; let the sobbing sea
Chant its wild requiem over thine and thee,
And darkness spread above its pall sublime.

Rather shall memory linger on the days
When girt with friends, I somehow paced thy deck,
Watching the distant iceberg's sparkling speck,
Or the broad sun down-setting in a blaze:

The nautilus would stretch its paper sail
Cresting the swell to catch our eager eyes,
Or petrels from the cradling trough would rise,
Or the sharp fin of some black basking whale:

And then, the merry games, and kindly looks
Of pleasant shipmates, and the noonday stakes,
How many knots an hour the good ship makes—
Rousing the dozers from their chefs and books :

And then,—Woe, woe ! that on such scenes as these
The Viking, Death, should like a pirate burst,
And drag them all, in gulping waves immerst,
Down to the charnel-caverns of the seas !

All,—but the clingers to some sinking boat
Lost in the fog, or on that raft—Despair ;
One—only one of seventy !—lingereth there,
While buoy'd around him upturn'd corpses float !

All,—but the Abdiel-captain of the crew,
Who, sinking nobly with his sinking ship,
Then battled back to life with dauntless lip,—
A righteous Jonah, faithful found and true.

All?—yet a remnant—(of five hundred souls
Hope breathes a tithe)—miraculously saved ;
Above the rest, where first that Viking raved,
His mighty banner the dark Ocean rolls !

O Life, and luxury, and hope, and health,
And suddenly—Destruction ! who can know
How huge the fun of man's and woman's woe
When my poor Arctic sank with all her wealth ?

Truth.

BE true, be true ! whate'er beside
Of wit, or wealth, or rank be thine,
Unless with simple truth allied,
The gold that glitters in thy mine
Is only dross, the brass of pride
Or vainer tinsel, made to shine.

Be true, be true ! the prize of earth
From God alike with man forsooth,
The real nobility of birth
To age, maturity, or youth,
The very crown of creature-worth,
Is easy, guileless, open Truth.

Be true, be true ! to nerve your arm
For any good ye wish to do ;
To save yourselves from sin and harm, .
And win all honours old and new ;
To work on hearts as with a charm,—
The maxim is, Be true, be true !

Be true, be true ! that easy prize
So loveable to human view,
So laudable beyond the skies,
Alas ! is reach'd by very few—
The simple ones, though more than wise,
Whose motto is, Be true, be true !

Duty.

DUTY! thorn of which the wisest
 And the best were little worth,
 How with dignity thou risest
 O'er the littleness of earth :
 How thou bledest each condition
 Shedding peace and glory round,
 Even binding hot Ambition
 In thy service to be found !

Duty,—though the lot be lowly,
 GOD's broad-arrow thou art seen
 Making very trifles holy,
 And exalting what were mean ;
 In this thought the poor may revel
 That, obeying Duty's word,
 Humblest want is on a level
 With my lady or my lord.

Duty,—seen in lofty station
 As the brightest jewel there,
 Providence doth bless the nation
 Where thy badge its rulers bear ;
 England ! GOD regards with favour
 Both thy Queen and People too,
 For that Duty's precious favour
 Still is found in all they do.

Moving on.

In vain,—there is no respite and no rest,
No flagging in our headlong reckless race;
In vain with clutching grasp and yearning breast
We strive to check the floods of Time and Space.

All rushes on; no creature stops an hour;
The babe, the boy, the man, the dotard—dies;
Perpetual changes vex the wayside flower,
And the great worlds careering through the skies.

Yet is it sad that Beauty scarce can bloom,
Hardly can Wisdom drop one word of truth,
Before the sage is humbled to the tomb,
And wrinkles gather round the eyes of youth.

Alas! because it hardens us at heart,
This constant moving-on,—this phantom scene
Of daily hourly meetings soon to part,
And made to be as they had never been.

New hopes, new motives, all things ever new
Expelling all things old, however dear,
Uproot the mind from growing strong and true,
And the poor heart in all its longings fear.

A gloom, a solemn sadness, and a hope—
A mighty hope, but mix'd with bitter fear,
All lie within this sad reflection's scope
That nothing—nothing—hath continuance here.

We wake,—and yesterday is thrown behind
To play to-day's half-masqueraded part ;
Energy cheering on the hopeful mind,
But pale-faced Memory holding back the heart.

Alas ! I cannot read these thoughts aright ;
I fain would say that we shall see once more
Some resurrection of the visions bright
That here, like mountain-mists, have swept us o'er.

I fain, in this perpetual moving-on,
Would see the shadowy type of stabler things ;
Old loves renew'd, old victories rewon,
Old chords restruck upon the old heartstrings !

If otherwise, it were a waste,—a loss
Of truth and beauty, happiness and love ;
But—there are all redemptions in the Cross,
And more than Space and Time in Heaven above !

England's Welcome to the World.

A BALLAD FOR 1851.

A voice of happy greeting to the Nations of the World !
A flag of peace for every shore, on every sea, unfurl'd !
A Word of brotherhood and love to each who hears the
call,—

A Welcome to the World of Men, a Welcome, one and
all !

O children of a common stock, O brothers all around,
In kindliness and sympathy receive the joyful sound ;
Old England bids you welcome all, and wins you to
her shore,
To see how men of every clime may help each other
more.

Old England greets you lovingly, as friend should greet
a friend,
And only prays that peaceful days may never have an
end ;
And only hopes, by doing good, the good of all to gain,
And so Goodwill from brethren still, right gladly to
attain !

Come on then to this Tournament of Peace, and skilful
Art,
Come on, fair Europe's chivalry, and play the Bayard's
part !

258 *England's Welcome to the World.*

For honour, Austria, spur away, for honour, gentle
France !

For honour, Rufs, and Swede, and Turk,—come on
with levell'd lance !

Come on amain, high-hearted Spain ! industrious Hol-
land, come !

Italy, Persia, Greece, and Ind,—fill up the Nations' sum !
And chiefly with us, heart to heart, come on, and tilt
for fame,

Columbia,—thou that England art in everything but
name !

Not, as long since, for deeds of death,—but deeds to
gladden life ;

Provoking each for other's good to join the generous
strife !

As in those games at Pytho, or in old Nemæa's grove,
Where Græcia's best and worthiest for honour only
strove.

Come, wrestle thus in peace with us, and vie for glory's
prize,

Bring out your wares of rarest work, and wealthiest
merchandise ;

Let every Craft of every clime produce its brilliant best,
The dazzling zone of Venus, and Minerva's starry crest !

Let Science add the miracles that human reason works
When tracking out the Mind of God that in all Nature
lurks,—

The Wonderful, that HE hath made Beneficent to man,
And gives us wit to fathom it, and use it as we can !

Oh, there are secrets choice and strange, that men have
not found out,
Though up and down the earth we range, and forage
round about,
The hidden things of Mercy's heart, the Beautiful
Sublime,
That God hath meant to cheer us on adown the stream
of Time :

Adown the stream of Time, until we reach that happier
shore,
Where sin and pain come not again, and grief is grief
no more ;
For that, O nations, wisely strive to do all good
you can,
And gratefully, as unto God, live brotherly with Man !

A Hymn for all Nations.

TRANSLATED INTO THIRTY LANGUAGES, 1851.

GLORIOUS GOD ! on Thee we call,
Father, Friend, and Judge of all ;
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
Homage to Thy throne we bring !

In the wonders all around
Ever is Thy Spirit found,
And of each good thing we see
All the good is born of Thee !

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks
Everywhere in Nature's works ;
Thine is Art, with all its worth,
Thine each masterpiece on earth !

Yea, and foremost in the van
Springs from Thee the Mind of Man ;
On its light, for this is Thine,
Shed abroad the love divine !

Lo, our GOD ! Thy children here
From all realms are gather'd near,
Wifely gather'd,—gathering still—
For peace on earth, towards men good-will !

May we, with fraternal mind,
Bless our brothers of mankind ;
May we, through redeeming love,
Be the blest of GOD above !

The Great Exhibition.

A BALLAD FOR THE WORKMAN.

HURRAH ! for honest Industry, hurrah ! for handy Skill,
Hurrah ! for all the wondrous works achieved by Wit
and Will !

The triumph of the Artizan has come about at length,
And Kings and Princes flock to praise his comeliness
and strength.

The time has come, the blessed time, for brethren to
agree,
And rich and poor of every clime at unity to be,
When Labour honour'd openly, and not alone by stealth,
With horny hand and glowing heart may greet his
brother. Wealth.

Ay, wealth and rank are labour's kin, twin brethren all
his own,
For every high estate on earth, of labour it hath grown ;
By duty and by prudence, and by study's midnight oil,
The wealth of all the world is won by GOD-rewarded
toil !

Then hail ! thou goodly Gathering, thou brotherhood
indeed !

Where all the sons of men can meet as honest labour's
feed ;

The tribes of turban'd Asia, and Afric's ebon skin,
And Europe and America, with all their kith and kin !

From East and West, from North and South, to Eng-
land's happy coast,
By tens of thousands, lo! they come, the great in-
dustrial host,—
By tens of thousands welcomed for their handicraft and
worth,
Behold! they greet their brethren of the Workshop of
the Earth.

Right gladly, brother workmen, will each English
Artizan
Rejoice to make you welcome all, as honest man to man,
And teach, if aught he has to teach, and learn the much
to learn,
And show to men in every land, how all the world may
earn!

Whatever earth, man's heritage, of every sort can yield,
From mine and mountain, sea and air, from forest and
from field;
Whatever Reason, God's great gift, can add or take
away,
To bring the worth of all the world beneath the human
fway;

Whatever Science hath found out, and Industry hath
earn'd,
And Taste hath delicately touch'd, and high-bred Art
hath learn'd;
Whatever God's good handicraft, the man He made,
hath made;
By man, God's earnest Artizan, the best shall be dis-
play'd!

Last Call at the Palace of Glass. 263

Oh think it not an idle show, for praise, or pride, or pelf,
No man on earth who gains a good can hide it for
himself,

By any thought that any thing can any how improve,
We help along the cause of all, and give the world a
move!

It is a great and glorious end to bless the sons of man,
And meet for peace and doing good, in kindness while
we can ;

It is a greater and more blest, the Human Heart to raise
Up to the God who giveth all, with gratitude and praise!

A Last Call at the Palace of Glass.

LIGHTLY blown, and soon to break

Like a bubble on the stream,

Yet once more, for wonder's sake,

Will I woo thee, brilliant Dream !

O thou Crystal of this earth,

Rich and rare, and pure and bright,

Never since Creation's birth

Was there seen so fair a sight !

What a beauteous open book

Fill'd with all the Wit of Man !

What a scroll whereon to look

And its characters to scan !

Yea, what thoughts the heart to thrill,—
Yea, what eloquence, what power !
Genius, Labour, Art, and Skill,
In one “ bright consummate Flower ! ”

Like an Aloe, late in time,
With its fairy flags unfurl'd
Stands in beauty half-fublime
This last wonder of the world :
Yet in like ephemeral strength
Soon its blossoms must decay,
And Earth's Aloe, blown at length,
Fades, and droops, and dies away !

Dies away ?—No ! not all dead :
Seeds are there of light and truth :
Not in vain this book outspread
Has been read by age and youth :
Not in vain the Nations throng'd,
Yearning for each others' good,
And with generous fervour long'd
For the kiss of Brotherhood !

Queen,—there have been conquering kings,
But their glory pales to thine :
Prince,—there have been noble things
Well achieved in ‘ auld lang syne : ’
Yet, till now, was never seen
Happier glory, nobler fame,
Than furrounds our English Queen,
And Her Albert's Saxon name !

A Reverie about the Crystal Palace.

DREAM of splendour, bright and gay,
Disenchanted all too soon,
Dimly fading fast away
Like a half-remember'd tune,—
Lo ! my spirit's heart is sad
For the end of earthly things,
And refuses to be glad
While I touch these trembling fringes.

Fountains, gushing silver light,
Sculptures, soft and warm and fair,
Gems, that blind the dazzled sight,
Silken trophies rich and rare,
Wondrous works of cunning skill,
Precious miracles of art,—
How your crowding memories fill
Mournfully my musing heart !

Fairy Giant ! choicest birth
Of the Beautiful Sublime,
Seeming like the Toy of earth
Given to the dotard Time,—
Glacier-diamond, Alp of glass,
Sinbad's cave, Aladdin's hall,—
Must it then be crush'd, alas !
Must the Crystal Palace fall ?

Yes!—as Autumn's chequer'd hues
Thus are tinted with decay,
As the morn's prismatic dews
Glittering, exhale away,
So with thee ; in beauty's pride
All thy brightness must depart,—
Nature's fair consumptive bride,
Fragile paragon of Art !

But, Not all of thee shall die ;
Oh, not all shall perish thus !
Thy sweet spirit ever nigh
Will remain to gladden us,—
Thy sweet spirit—*Brotherhood* !
This was in thee like a Soul,
Every Part to gild with good,
And to glorify the whole !

Rich and Poor.

A BALLAD FOR SYMPATHY.

O LADIES, lords, and gentlemen,
Attend to what I say,
For well I wot you'll like it when
You listen to my lay ;
And labourers and weavers too,
Come near, whoever can,
I want the best of all of you,
To build a Noble Man.

The time is past for lofty looks,
As well as vulgar deeds ;
Religion, common-sense, and books,
Oh these are magic feeds !
They kill whate'er in man was proud,
And nourish what is wise,
And feed the humblest of the crowd
With manna from the skies.

Ay, dreary days of high-bred scorn,
You've somehow died away,—
And better were the fool unborn,
Who tries it on to-day :
Ay, wintry nights of low-bred sin,
You've stolen out of sight,
And all things base, without, within,
Are scatter'd by the light.

Take copy of the small, ye great !
In all that's free and frank ;
Add cordial ways to courteous state,
And heartiness to rank :
Take copy of the great, ye small,
In all that's soft and fair,
Honourable to each and all,
And gentle everywhere !

The Gracious Source of all our wealth
In body, mind, or store,
Pours life and light and hope and health
Alike on rich and poor ;

And though so many covet ill
Some neighbour's happier state,
They little heed how kind a Will
Has fix'd them in their fate.

Think, justly think, what liberal aids
Invention gives to all,
While Truth shines out, and Error fades,
Alike for great and small;
How well the rail, the post, the press,
Help universal man,
The highest peer, and hardly less
The humblest artizan!

Religion, like an angel, stands
To solace every mind;
And Science, with her hundred hands,
Is blessing all mankind;
All eyes may see a beauteous sight,
All ears may hear sweet sound,
And sage-desired seeds of light
Are broadcast all around.

Lo, the high places levelling down,
The valleys filling up!
Magnates, who ought to wear a crown,
Drain Charity's cold cup;
While Industry, of humblest birth,
With Prudence well allied,
O'ertops the topmost peaks of earth,
The palaces of pride.

Be humble then, ye mighty men !
Be humble, poor of earth ;
Be GOD alone exalted, when
He speaks by plague and dearth !
Let each be grateful, friendly, true,—
And that will be the plan,
To make of peer, and peasant too,
A truly Noble Man !

The International,

1862.

O WONDROUS Book of Earth's consummate story,
With every chapter writ in truth and light,—
O dazzling Pages, printed clear and bright,
And frontispiced to GOD's own power and glory !
Now once again,—alas, for the last time,
With baffled mind I strive to read aright
Thy million secrets, beauteous or sublime,
Concentred on my pleased but aching sight :
Yet,—what had ever cheer'd my heart the most
Among those miracles from every clime ?
Fair smiling statues ? jewels pure and proud ?
Art treasures, each competing Nation's boast ?
Yea,—more than such,—this happy human host,
The kind unselfish honest Common crowd.

The Sabbath.

A BALLAD FOR THE LABOURER.

SIX days in the week do I toil for my bread,
And surely should feel like a slave,
Except for a Providence fix'd overhead,
That hallow'd the duties it gave ;
I work for my mother, my babes, and my wife,
And starving and stern is my toil,—
For who can tell truly how hard is the life
Of a labouring son of the soil ?

A debt to the doctor, a score at the shop,
And plenty of trouble and strife,—
While backbreaking toil makes me ready to drop,
Worn out and aweary of life !
Oh, were there no gaps in the month or the year,
No comfort, or peace, or repose,
How long should I battle with miseries here,
How soon be weigh'd down by my woes !

Six days in the week, then, I struggle and strive,
And, Oh ! but the seventh is blest ;
Then only I seem to be free and alive,
My soul and my body at rest :
I needn't get up in the cold and the dark,
I needn't go work in the rain ;
On that happy morning I wait till the lark
Has trill'd to the sunshine again !

Unhurried for once, well thaven and clean,
With babes and the mother at meals,
I gather what home and its happiness mean,
And feel as a gentleman feels :
Then dressed in my best I go blithely to church,
And meet my old mates on the way,
To gossip awhile in the ivy'd old porch,
And hear all the news of the day.

And soon as the chimes of the merry bells cease,—
Oh rare is the bell-ringers' din !—
We calmly compose us to prayer and to peace,
As Jabez is tolling us in :
And then in the place where my fathers have pray'd,
I praise and I pray at my best,
And smile as their child when I hope to be laid
In the same bit of turf where they rest !

For wisely his Reverence tells of the dead
As living, and waiting indeed
A bright Resurrection,—'twas happily said—
From earth and its misery freed !
And then do I know that though poor I am rich,
An heir of great glories above,
Till it seems like a throne,—my old seat in the niche
Of the wall of the church that I love !

So, praise the Good LORD for his sabbaths, I say,
So kindly reserved for the poor ;
The wealthy can rest and be taught any day,
But we have but one and no more !

Ay,—what were the labouring man without these
His sabbaths of body and mind ?
A workweary wretch without respite or ease,
The curse and reproach of his kind.

And don't you be telling me, sages of trade,
The seventh's a loss in my gain ;
I pretty well guess of what stuff you are made,
And know what you mean in the main :
You mete out the work, and the wages you fix,
And care for the make, not the men ;
For seven you'd pay us the same as for six,
And who would be day-winners then ?

No, no, my shrewd masters, thank God that His law,
The Sabbath, is law of the land ;
Thank God that His wisdom so truly foresaw
What mercy so lovingly plann'd :
My babes go to school ; and my Bible is read ;
And I walk in my holiday dress ;
And I get better fed ; and my bones lie abed,—
And my wages are nothing the less !

Then Praises to God,—and all health to the Queen,—
And thanks for the Sabbath, say I !
It is, as it shall be, and ever has been,
The earthgrubber's glimpse at the sky ;
The Sabbath is ours, my mates of the field,—
A holyday once in the seven ;
The Sabbath to Mammon we never will yield,
It is Poverty's foretaste of Heaven !

Country Life.

I. AGAINST.

THINK not thou that fields and flowers,
Copses and Arcadian bowers,
Grow the crop of Peace :—
In this model life of ours
Worries feldom cease.

Think not Envy, Hatred, Malice
Seethe alone in town and palace ;
For on Eden first,
Pour'd from evil's caldron-chalice,
Those hot geysers burst.

Though the scene be sweet and smiling,
And the silence most beguiling,
And so pure the air,—
Man, his paradise defiling,
Pours a poison there !

Look at yonder simple village,
With its church and peaceful tillage,
Seemingly so blest ;
Mutual hate and mutual pillage
Truly tell the rest.

With the tongue's destroying fabre,
Neighbour battles against neighbour,
Whilst each other's glance
Tyranny and servile Labour
Scowling watch afkance !

Wealth, well fawn'd on, and—well-hated ;
Want,—with brutal malice mated ;
And, to teach the twain,
Shallow priestcraft, self-inflated,
Dreary, dull, and vain !

Ay, Charles Lamb, the wise and witty,
Gentle lover of the city,
Sensibly he spoke,
When he dealt his pungent pity
To us country folk :

All for arson insecurely,
All for slander little purely,
Vext with petty strife,—
Let no silly mortal surely
Covet country life.

II. FOR.

Stop !—malign not country pleasure ;
For there is unminted treasure
In its quiet calm ;
In its garden-loving leisure
Gilead's very balm !

In its duties, peace-bestowing,
In its beauties, overflowing
All the dewy ground,
In its mute religion, glowing
Everywhere around :

In its unobtrusive sweetness,
In its purity, and meetness
For contented minds ;
And the beautiful completeness
Man in Nature finds.

Yes,—it is no fault of Nature's,
If the vice of fallen creatures
Spots her with a curse ;
Man in towns hath viler features,
And his guilt is worse.

Troubles, cares, and self-denials,
These are no such special vials
Pour'd on fields and flowers ;
But there always must be trials
In this world of ours.

Country life,—let us confess it,—
Man will little help to bless it,
Yet, for gladness there,
We may readily possess it
In its native air.

Rides and rambles, sports and farming,
Home, the heart for ever warming,
Books, and friends, and ease,—
Life must after all be charming,
Full of joys like these.

Yes, however little gaily,
And—for man, however frailly
Check'd with sin and strife,—
Wisdom rests contented daily
With a country life.

From "American Lyrics."

1851.

TO THE UNION ; FROM A UNIT.

GIANT aggregate of nations,
Glorious Whole of glorious Parts,
Unto endless generations
Live United, hands and hearts !
Be it storm, or summer-weather,
Peaceful calm, or battle-jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together,
Sister States, as Now ye are !

Every petty class-diffension,
Heal it up, as quick as thought ;
Every paltry place-pretension,
Crush it, as a thing of nought :
Let no narrow private treason
Your great onward progress bar,
But remain, in right and reason,
Sister States, as Now ye are !

Fling away absurd ambition !
People, leave that toy to kings :
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,
Be above such grovelling things !
In each other's joys delighted.
All your hate be—joys of war,
And by all means keep United,
Sister States, as Now ye are !

Were I but some scornful stranger,
Still my counsel would be just ;
Break the band, and all is danger,
Mutual fear and dark distrust :
But, you know me for a brother
And a friend who speak from far,
Be at one then with each other,
Sister States, as Now ye are !

If it seems a thing unholy
Freedom's soil by slaves to till,
Yet, be just ! and sagely, slowly,
Nobly, cure that ancient ill :
Slowly,—haste is fatal ever ;
Nobly,—left good faith ye mar ;
Sagely,—not in wrath to fever
Sister States, as Now ye are !

Charm'd with your commingled beauty
England sends the signal round,
"Every man must do his duty"
To redeem from bonds the bound !
Then indeed your banner's brightness
Shining clear from every star
Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,
Sister States, as Now ye are !

So, a peerless constellation
May those stars for ever blaze !
Three-and-ten-times-threefold nation,
Go a-head in power and praise !

Like the many-breasted goddess
 Throned on her Ephesian car,
 Be—one heart in many bodies !
 Sister States, as Now ye are.

Disunion.

1861.

LIKE Jezebel's face at her casement,
 Strangely dismay'd and perplexed,
 The World looks forth with amazement
 Marvelling what 's to come next ;
 The World looks round her in wonder
 For Beauty and Strength destroy'd,
 For Brotherhood broken in funder,
 And Statecraft quite made void !

Alas, for America's glory !
 Ichabod,—vanisht outright ;
 And all her magnificent story
 Told as a dream of the night :
 Alas, for the heroes and sages,
 Sadden'd in Hadës to know
 That what they had built for all ages
 Melts as a palace of snow !

And woe, for the shame and the pity
That—all for no cause, to no end—
City should fight against city,
And brother with brother contend !
Alas, for this libel on Freedom,
Patriots—gone to the bad,—
Citizen Arabs of Edom,
Slave-drivers, liberty-mad !

How sadly, through sons so degraded,
Pigmies, ill-sprung from great men,
Even your glories look faded,
Washington, Franklin, and Penn !
Popular Government slander'd
Mid the deep scorn of the world,—
Liberty's star-crowded standard
Foul'd by black treason, and furl'd !

Southerners ! shame on such treason,
Shame on your folly and guilt !
Woe for this war of Unreason !
Woe for the brothers' blood spilt !
Curse on such monsters unfilial
Tearing their mother to shreds,—
Curse on those children of Belial,—
Curse on their parricide heads !

Italy's Nemesis.

1860.

WHAT hurl'd him from power? What lost him his crown?
 And all in one hour has toppled him down?
 What ruin'd and wreck'd him? What folly, or sin?
 Temptation without, or corruption within?—
 Cruelty, cruelty! cruelty's crimes,
 Loath'd of all men of all climes and all times!
 Cruelty,—that was the climax of guilt,
 Innocent blood most cruelly spilt!
 Cruelty?—Oh, but thou tyrant and fool,
 Who bade thee learn safety in Cruelty's school?
 Dionysius? Nero? Caligula?—When
 Were kings made securer by outraging Men?
 Cruelty?—where did detestable deeds
 Make friends for their doers in uttermost needs?
 Or how should a Bourbon believe that his fall
 Can wring for him other than—cheers from us all?
 O Francis! time was—but last year in the spring,
 When Europe look'd kindly on thee, the young king;
 O Francis! how golden, how grand was thy chance
 Of helping on good by one step in advance—
 Of blessing thy people, and saving thy name
 From the curse of a father's ill-deeds and ill-fame!
 One short year ago thou wast call'd to thy realm,
 A pilot for rescue by luffing the helm,

But thy bitter pride had it lash'd hard a-port,
Down, down with the people ! up, up with the court !
Fetters for virtue and freedom and right,
But Tyranny's favour for spies and their spite !
The popular voice and its love was thy sneer,
And so thy bad choice was to govern by fear :
Spurning the wise and the good in thy pride,
The crafty, the wicked, were call'd to thy side,—
Jesuits, ever sworn foes to mankind,
Callous in heart, and contracted in mind,—
The sbirro, the headsmen, the rack, and the screw,
The terrified million, the insolent few,
The festering prisons, all stench and despair,
Crowded, but beggar'd of daylight and air,
Black dungeons, where innocents lay in their blood,
With famine, and fever, and vermin, and mud !
Whilst thou, young Tiberius, with thy proud mate,
Surfeited both of luxurious state,
Wast planning worse prisons, more deep and more dread,
Or watching the crucified hanging till dead !

And so, Garibaldi came forth in his strength,
In league with thy Nemesis stirring at length,—
In league with the Right, down-trodden so long,
And rescued by him from the thralldom of Wrong,—
In league with those noble and generous men
Buried alive in their Ischian den,—
In league with the good upon every shore,
And the Great King above them Who reigns evermore !

Then, bless Garibaldi !—yea, he shall be blest,
Hero and conqueror, bravest and best !
Italy, rise !—stand forth as one man,
And bless him, by finishing what he began—

Bless him, by cutting down liberty's foes,
Bless him, by rescuing slaves from their woes,
Bless him, by hunting this criminal down,
And giving King Victor his forfeited crown !

Slandered Worth.

IN vain, O mountain, this malignant mist
Hides thy grand brow, and every wrinkle fills ;
In vain these envious levelling clouds insist
Thou art no higher than the little hills ;
In vain conspiring foes their powers enlist :
For that, in spite of all, thy changeless form
Triumphant stands, sublime from age to age,
Heedless of all the furies of the storm,
And how against thy strength they break their rage :
With what stern patience thou canst calmly wait,
Answering with silent scorn their clamorous hate,
Till the true Wind of popular fame blows forth,
And its just Sun shines out to vindicate
The cloudless majesty of slandered worth.

Bows and Rifles.

A SONG FOR VOLUNTEERS.

To the good old tune "The Roast Beef of Old England!"

IN days long ago, when old England was young,
Her bows were the toughest that ever were strung,
And fearless and frank in their heart and their tongue
Were those old archers of England,
Like her young riflemen now.

In days long ago all her yeomen went arm'd,
And sturdily fought, though they steadily farm'd,
And England's sweet daughters were either way charm'd
With the bold archers of England,
Like her young riflemen now.

In days long ago we were famed even then,
And ever shall be so till no one knows when,
For pretty girls loving the bravest of men,
Those merry men archers of England,
Like her young riflemen now.

In days long ago, all the world was in fear
Of England's old bowmen, and dared not come here ;
And now shall invaders keep equally clear,
As with those archers of England,
Of her young riflemen now.

Since in *our* days, as in days long ago,
When Edwards and Harrys were feared by the foe,
For England we stand, and we'll let the world know
That sons of those archers of England
Are her young riflemen now !

A Song for Rifle Clubs.

HURRAH for the Rifle !—In days long ago
Our fathers were fear'd for the bill and the bow,
And Edwards and Harrys in battles of old
Were proud of their archers so burly and bold :
While Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers long since,
With great John of Gaunt, and the gallant Black Prince,
Tell out from old pages of history still
What Englishmen did with the bow and the bill.

Hurrah for the Rifle !—When England requires,
She still shall be proud of the sons of our fires ;
And rifle and bayonet then shall do more
Than ever did billhook or longbow of yore ;
From hedgerow and coppice and cottage and farm
The foreigner's welcome, God wot ! shall be warm,
And the crack of the rifle shall hint to the foe
How terrible once was the twang of the bow.

The Soldier Comforted.

AWAY to the War has the Soldier departed,
And with him both Husband and Father are gone,—
His children, half-orphans, are left broken-hearted,
His half-widow'd wife remains weeping alone !
He goes like a Soldier—courageously, cheerly,
To fight for the Right at his country's command,
But leaves with a pang left those he loves dearly
Should pine, in his absence, for Want in the land !

Oh when in his dreams those little ones prattle,
Let him not wake with the dread on his mind
That while he is fighting or dying in battle
The mother and babes may be starving behind !
And when at the bivouac stirring the embers
He chats with his mates of the deeds of the day,
Let him feel glad, as with thanks he remembers
That charity blesses his home far away !

A loaf for the day, and a crust for the morrow,
And school for his children, and work for his wife,
Enough, to be clear of affliction and sorrow,
And able to stand in the battle of life,—
Give this to your Soldier, to comfort and shield him
In those who at home are the Wanderer's care,
And all that in kindness Here you may yield him,
Be sure he'll repay you in gallantry There !

The Gracious Message.

WOUNDED foldiers ! lying weak,
Sick, or thot, or gash'd by fwords,
Liften ! for your Queen doth fpeak,
Hearken to her gracious words !
From her foul of courage calm
Earnestly thofe words diftil,
Dropping like a precious balm,
Every heart to cheer and thrill.

“Tell each wounded man apart,
As they lie in ghaffly groups,
Tell them how our inmoft heart
Feels for our beloved troops :
Noble fellows ! fay from us,
No one yearns on fuch a fcene
With more fympathy than thus
Yearns their own admiring Queen.

“Tell the men, my wounded fons,
Simple privates in the ranks,
That to thofe heroic ones,
Queen and Prince have fent their thanks:
Still we think of them in love,
Praying for them day and night,
And our truft is ftrong above
For fuch Champions of the Right.”

The Hero's Wife.

IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S PICTURE.

At last, when Day and Hope are well-nigh fled,
Her love hath found him dead !
Her wife-like love, so tender and so brave,
Hath come too late to save.

Oh, not too late ! let that wild sorrow cease,
Thy husband sleeps in peace,—
Thy hero hath his earthly battle won :
God's blessed will be done !

Be comforted, kiss reverently now
That calm, cold, waxen brow ;
Then hide the bursting of thy heroine heart
In silent grief apart !

O stern and chill tranquillity of Death
That never answereth !
O poignant Life ! upon this bloody sod
Kneeling with Death and God !

Soho.

A COURSING CANZONET.

COOL and sweet is the breath of the morn,
 And dewbeads glitter on thistle and thorn ;
 And linnets and larks are beginning to trill
 Their psalm to the Sun just over the hill,
 And all things pleasant and pure and fair
 Bathe in the balmy morning air.

Hift ! the turf is under thy feet,
 Over it steadily, sure and fleet !
 Steadily, Wonder !—quietly now,—
 Why, what a hot little fool art thou !
 Wild and wanton,—it's very unkind
 To leave poor Gael so panting behind ;

Ho ! my greyhound, Soho ! a hare !
 Good dog,—after her, straight and fair ;
 Off does she fly, and away does he bound,
 Glorious ! how we are skimming the ground !
 Heels above head,—over she goes !
 And puffy squeals at my greyhound's nose.

Home ; hark back ! the games are done,
 Though Cæsar's self has barely begun :
 Look ! let him change the spur for the pen
 To hunt and to harry the hearts of men,—
 Possibles do, and impossibles dare,
 And gallop in spirit everywhere !

The Happy Man.

A MAN of no regrets
He goes his sunny way,
Owing the Past no load of debts
The Present cannot pay :
He wedded his first love,
Nor loved another since ;
He sets his nobler hopes above ;
He reigns in joy a Prince !

A man of no regrets,
He hath no cares to vex,
No secret griefs, nor mental nets,
Nor troubles to perplex :
Forgiveness to his sin,
And help in every need,
Blessings around, and peace within,
Crown him a King indeed !

A man of no regrets,
Upon his Empire free
The sun of gladness never sets,—
Then who so rich as he ?
Yea, God upon thine heart
Hath pour'd all blessings down :
Then yield to Him, with all thou art,
The homage of thy crown !

Memory.

FOR MUSIC.

AH Memory ! why reproach me so
With shadows of the past,
The thrilling hopes of long ago
That came and went so fast ?
Ye tender tones of that dear voice,
Ye looks of those loved eyes,—
Return,—and bid my heart rejoice,
For true love never dies !

Rejoice ?—O word of Hope ! I may
When those indeed return ;
For looks and tones so past away
In solitude I yearn !
Let others fancy I forget
The light of those dear eyes,—
I love,—O how I love thee yet !
For true love never dies.

Genius and Friends.

WHEN the star of good fortune is rising,
And seems to the zenith to soar,
How tenderly friends will be prizing
The beauties forgotten before ;
Oh ! Genius will look very bright
In the blaze of Prosperity's light !

But let the dimm'd planet be setting
Below the horizon in cloud,
Right soon will your friends be forgetting
The gifts they so frankly allow'd ;
Ah ! Genius can show very slight
In the gloom of Adversity's night !

Yet none the less glorious and holy
Is shining that sun of the soul,
Let Fortune be lofty or lowly,
And Friendship rejoice or condole ;
For Genius must claim as his right
True homage by day and by night !

Cheer up !

FOR MUSIC.

NEVER go gloomily, man with a mind !
Hope is a better companion than fear ;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear ;
All will be right,
Look to the light,—
Morning is ever the daughter of night,
All that was black will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily then ! cheer up !

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise
With lore ever precious and joys ever new ;
Stand in the van,
Strive like a man !
This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God, while you do what you can,
Cheerily, cheerily then ! cheer up !

“How much worse it might have been!”

A TEXT FOR THE DISCONTENTED.

HONEST fellow, fore beset,
Vext by troubles quick and keen,
Thankfully consider yet
“How much worse it might have been :”
Worthily thy faults deserve
More than all thine eyes have seen,
Think thou then with sterner nerve,
“How much worse it might have been !”

Though the night be dark and long,
Morning soon shall break serene,
And the burden of thy song,
“How much worse it might have been :”
God, the Good One, calls to us
On His Providence to lean,
Shout then out devoutly thus,
“How much worse it might have been !”

Down with Foreign Priestcraft.

1851.

CHRISTIAN England! where so long
Freedom's trumpet, clear and strong,
Still has stirr'd the patriot song—

Down with foreign priestcraft!
England! Truth's own island-nest,
Pure Religion's happy rest,
Ever shall thy sons protest

Down with foreign priestcraft!

What! shall these Italian knaves
Dream again to make us slaves
From our cradles to our graves
With their foreign priestcraft?
Out on every false pretence!
Common right and common sense
Shout against such insolence—

Down with foreign priestcraft!

Ay,—insidious fawning foe,
Little as you thought it so,
England's wrath is all aglow,

Scorning foreign priestcraft!
Take our Jesuits, if you will,
England's heart rejects their ill,
And her mouth is thundering still,
Down with foreign priestcraft!

Hark ! in ancient warmth and worth,
East and west and south and north,
Flies the loyal spirit forth,
 Loathing foreign priestcraft !
Evermore with Rome to cope,
We will bate nor heart nor hope,
But our shout shall stun the Pope,
 Down with foreign priestcraft !

The Unit.

THE world can do without us : every one
Hath every other as his waiting heir ;
And, though affections be not lacking there,
Each seeks to win the race we all must run :
Be humble then ; thou standest in the ranks
A little-heeded soldier ; for thy fall,
Even should messmates mourn for it at all,
Be sure a crowd of foes shall give God thanks :
Heaven sets us here for Duty ; duty done,
He calls us hence to the celestial clime
Where we shall wear the medals won in time :
Let all thy care be Duty then—not Fame ;
So shalt thou find thyself a happy son,
On whom the Blessed Father sets His name.

The old Nest.

FOR MUSIC.

I NEVER left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
Where the cords of kindness drew me,
And have gladden'd me of yore,
But my secret soul has smarted
With a feeling full of gloom
For the days that are departed,
And the place I call'd my Home.

I am not of those who wander
Unaffection'd here and there,
But my heart must still be fonder
Of my fites of joy or care ;
And I point sad Memory's finger
(Though my faithless foot may roam)
Where I've most been made to linger
In the place I call'd my Home.

Dieu et mon Droit.

A LOYAL TEXT.

No fanciful hope, and no cowardly fear
Shall ever be lord of my breast,
An Englishman gathers his comfort and cheer
From Duty by Providence blest;
The good royal motto, from Normandy won,
Upholds him by day and by night,
Adversity's moon, and Prosperity's sun,
Are shining in "God and my Right!"

My God! the great Guard, the good Ruler, and Friend,
Who made me, and guides as He will;
My Right! which His government helps to defend,
And bids me stand up for it still:
The heart that has trusted Him well does He love,
And fills it with heavenly light,
Rejoiced upon earth with all peace from above,
And resting on "God and my Right!"

My Right—the right way, and my Right—the right arm,
And my Right—the true rights of the case,—
Strong, honest, deserving, the triple-tied charm
That keeps a man firm in his place;
With these well about us, and God overhead,
We fear not whatever we fight,
There never was mortal who fail'd or who fled,
Whose motto was "God and my Right!"

The Laurel Crown.

THE laurel crown ! for duty done,
For good achieved, and honours won,
For all of natural gift, or art,
That thrills and fills an earnest heart
With generous thoughts and stirring words
Struck from its own electric chords,—
On these your modern muses frown,
Yet these deserve the laurel crown !

The laurel crown ! for soaring song
Eagle-pinion'd, free, and strong,
That, as GOD gives grace and power
Consecrates each hallow'd hour
Wisely, as a patriot ought,
By burning word and glowing thought,—
On this pour all your honours down—
To this belongs the laurel crown !

The laurel crown ! in common eyes
A wreath of leaves, a paltry prize,
A filly, worthless, weed-like thing,
Fit coronet for folly's king :
The laurel crown ! in wisdom's ken
A call from GOD to waken men,
Left in these mammon depths they drown,—
This is thy glory, laurel crown !

Yes, laurel crown ! if seen aright
A majesty of moral might
To lead the masses on to good,
And rule the surging multitude
By nobler and more manly songs
Than to some troubadour belongs,
Who feebly warbles for renown,—
Not such be thou, my laurel crown !

An Escape.

AN hour of peril in the Lydfstep caves :
Down the steep gorge, grotesquely boulder-piled
And tempest-worn, as Ocean hurrying wild
Up it in thunder breaks and vainly raves,—
My haste hath sped me to the rippled sand,
Where, arching deep, o'erhang on either hand
These halls of Amphitrité, echoing clear
The ceaseless mournful music of the waves :
Ten thousand beauteous forms of life are here ;
And long I linger, wandering in and out
Among the sea-flowers tapestried about
All over these wet walls : a shout of fear,—
The tide, the tide !—I turn'd and ran for life,—
And battled safely through that billowy strife !

“ Liberty—Equality—Fraternity ! ”

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY !—Who shall be free ?—
The winds of the air, and the waves of the sea,
And the beast in his lair, and the bird on its tree,
And the savage who battles with boars and with bears
For the root that he grubs, or the flesh that he tears,—
Liberty, these are for thee !

Liberty !—How can it be
That reason, and duty, and science, and skill,
And order, and beauty, are lawgivers still,—
And yet that responsible Man can be found
Untrammell'd by rules, and by harness unbound ?—
Liberty ! No man is free.

Liberty !—sadness to see
Were the heart without love, or the mind without fear,
For the Father above, and His family here ;
And Faith and Affection, constraining or fond,
What are they but chains, an invincible bond,
Liberty, manacling Thee !

Liberty ! look not on me
With a Siren's smile on thy beautiful face,
And a treacherous wile in thy warm embrace :
No ! let me feel fetter'd,—a martyr, a slave
To Honour and Duty from cradle to grave !
Liberty, I'll none of Thee.

Liberty !—"fettered," yet free :
For the chain that we wear is of roses and balm,
And the badge that we bear is The Conqueror's palm,
And the license we loathe is a freedom to Sin,
And the thralldom we love is Obedience within,
Liberty, leading to Thee !

Liberty !—for thou shalt be
My glorious reward in a happier clime,
From the hand of my LORD, who hath bound me to
Time
As a bondsman here for a year and a day
To reign as a King for ever and aye,
Holy, and happy, and Free !

EQUALITY.

Pining Envy's feeble hope,
Shipwreck's last despairing rope,
Idle wish from Satan sent,
Ruffian prize of Discontent,
Dull, debasing, sordid thing
Crushing down each generous spring,
Stern Procrustes' iron bed
To rack the feet or lop the head,—
Where in all life's social book
Shall your purblind statesman look,
Where,—Equality, to find
A fillier lie to cheat mankind ?

Tell the truth, yea, tell it out,
Nature ! without fear or doubt ;

Tell it out that never yet
Have two utter equals met :
Leaves and fruits on every tree,
Fowls and fish of air and sea,
Stars on high with all their host,
Pebbles from a kingdom's coast ;
Search them all, some difference still
Clings to each for good or ill ;
Search the world—all worlds—around,
Perfect twins were never found ;
Babes of various realm and race,
Men of every age and place,
Gifts of God, or wise denials,
Pleasures, sorrows, triumphs, trials,
All things differ everywhere,—
Never two can start quite fair,—
Never two could keep the start
In soul or body, mind or heart,
While the shortest winter's day
To its morrow gloom'd away !

Would then Vanity, and Sloth,
And Disappointment, scorning both,
And Pride and Meanness, hand in hand
With Crime and low Ambition stand
To scheme and plot a wholesome plan
Utterly to ruin Man,—
Then should they level love and hate,
And grind to atoms all things great,
Corrupt all good, befoul all fair,
Make gladness weep, and hope despair,

And, impotent to raise the dead,
Kill the living in their stead,
By working out the poison'd lie
Your sages call Equality.

No! thou phantom false and fair,
Rainbow-castle in the air,
Fit enough for fays or elves,
But not for mortals like ourselves,
In this hive of human kind
Where some can see, and some are blind,
Where some will work though others play,
And many swear while many pray,
Where disease and age at length
Must bend and bow to manhood's strength,
Where every one of God's good gifts
The favour'd from his fellow lifts,—
Equal!—equal?—tush: the word
In truer letters spells Absurd.

Equal? there is One alone
Reigns Coequal on His throne;
Nor can any creature dare
With such Essence to compare.
All things else through change and chance,
And time and place and circumstance,
And partial Providence most just,
And man's "I will," and God's "you must,"—
All things, differing each from each,
Vainly still their lesson teach,
If Equality be thus
Possible or wise for us,

Where with various means and powers
 In a trial-world like ours
 We must work as best we may,
 And leave it to The Judgment Day
 To declare how ill or well
 Earth's advantages may tell :
 Then, shall equal meed be given
 By the justice of High Heaven :
 Then, shall compensation true
 Set us all in places new :
 And,—how many counted first
 There shall stand the worst accurst !
 And,—how many here so poor,—
 Lazarus laid at Dives' door,—
 There, instead of last and least,
 First shall sit at Life's great feast !

FRATERNITY.

Away, away, Suspicion !
 And hail, thou generous heat ;
 With tears of just contrition
 Let me wash my brothers' feet :
 For I have sinn'd,—how often !
 While Charity stood by
 This stony heart to soften,
 And to melt this frozen eye !
 Yes,—I have err'd, like others,
 By coldness and constraint,
 Forgetting we are brothers,
 The sinner as the saint,—

All children of one Father,
All guilty and all weak,
And bound by these the rather
Every wanderer to seek!

Awake then! holy yearning
The hearts of men to thrill,—
Ascend! sweet incense burning
To warm the human will;
Oh let us dare with boldness
To burst this girdling chain
Of common social coldness,
And to love as babes again!

In frankness, and in fairness,
Go forth and reap the earth,—
Its richness and its rareness,
Its more than money's-worth;
Go forth, and win from others
Their honour and their love,
By treating them as brothers,
And the sons of God above!

For in that brighter Sequel
To which our beings tend
At last we shall be equal
In One Redeeming Friend!
And He, who made us brothers,
Our LORD, and Brother too,
Hath gone before the others
To prepare for them and you!

Thus then shall heirs of Heaven,
 But not the slaves of sin,—
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 This holy triad win ;
 Free,—equal,—and fraternal,
 In God's own way and time,
 To live the life eternal,
 And to love the love sublime !

The Prince of Wales in America.

1860.

YOUNG Prince, with throbbing hearts and tear-dimm'd
 gaze,
 Well wert thou follow'd of us all in love,
 While those glad millions throng'd thy path with praise,
 A blameless path in all thy words and ways,
 Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove :
 Her thanks to Heaven thine England well may raise,
 Our States' best Hope-flower ! for all thou art ;
 To Heaven all thanks,—that thy sweet spirit still,
 Making the World with admiration thrill,
 Charm'd great America's millions, frank and free,—
 Who, yearning over thee with eyes and heart,
 And thundering out thy welcome like the sea,
 Wept manly tears of grief at losing thee,
 And scarce would let their gracious guest depart.

True Nobility.

AVAUNT—Exclusions cold and proud !—
Your doom is come, your day is past ;
Not even Fashion dares to cast
Contempt upon the common crowd.

The lofty noble now must bend
To own his humbler brother-man,
And stoop to teach the artizan,
In hope betimes to make a friend.

It will not do to stand aside ;
Rank has its duties, as its dues ;
The latter will we not refuse,
If met with anything but pride.

It shall not serve, that old-time plan
Of making worship cling to birth ;
A magnate thorn of private worth
Is but the scorn and shame of Man.

O Rank ! from nobler fires derived,
O Wealth ! purse-rich but nothing more,
Grow worthier of your state and store,
Or of their homage go deprived.

The time is come for truer things,
When honour, love, and all beside,
Refused to supercilious pride,
Are paid to peasants as to kings.

For both alike are brethren true,
Each in his station doing right,—
Beheld in superhuman light
God's servants, earning wages due.

None will deny the first and best
To king and noble, gladly given,
If they but live as, under Heaven,
Set in high place to help the rest :

But let them heed this mighty truth,—
(Which, for their weakness, we would ken
Indulgently, as due to men
Pamper'd in age and snared in youth)—

If pride, or lust, or sloth forlorn
Dim and defile their high estate,
Our willing love is turn'd to hate,
Our ready homage smiles in scorn.

To Brother Jonathan.

1850.

Ho ! Brother, I'm a Britifher,
A chip of heart of oak,
That wouldn't warp or fwerve or fir
From what I thought or fpoke,—
And you—a blunt and honeft man,
Straightforward, kind, and true,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton too.

I know your heart, an open heart,
I read your mind and will,
A greyhound ever on the ftart
To run for honour ftill ;
And fhrewd to fcheme a likely plan,
And ftout to fee it done,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one.

There may be jealousies and ftife,
For men have felfifh ends,
But petty quarrels ginger life,
And help to feafon friends ;
And pundits who, with folemn fcan,
Judge humans moft aright,
Decide it, tefty Jonathan,
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest
Will chirp about a worm,
Then how should eaglets meekly rest,
The children of the storm !
No ! while their ruffled pinions fan
The eyrie's dizzy side,
Like you and me, my Jonathan,
It's all for Love and Pride !

" God save the Queen " delights you still,
And " British Grenadiers,"
The good old strains your heartstrings thrill,
And catch you by both ears ;
And we,—Oh hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you,
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And " Yankee Doodle " too !

There 's nothing foreign in your face,
Nor strange upon your tongue,
You come not of another race
From baser lineage sprung ;
No, brother ! though away you ran,
As truant boys will do,
Still true it is, young Jonathan,
My fathers father'd you.

Time was,—it wafn't long ago,
Your grandfire went with mine
To battle traitors, blow for blow,
For England's royal line ;

Or tripp'd to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship mighty Bess,
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Went with them then, I guess.

Together both—'twas long ago—
Among the Roses fought ;
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe
Did all knight-errants ought :
As Cavalier or Puritan
Together pray'd or swore,—
For John's own Brother Jonathan,
Was only John of yore !

There lived a man, a man of men,
A King on fancy's throne,
We ne'er shall see his like again,
The globe is all his own ;
And; if we claim him of our clan,
He half belongs to you,
For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,
Is yours and Britain's too !

There was another glorious name,
A poet for all time,
Who gain'd the double-first of Fame,
The beautiful-sublime ;
And let us hide him as we can,
More miserly than pelf,
Our Yankee brother Jonathan
Cries halves in Milton's self !

Well, well : and every praise of old,
That makes us famous still,
You would be just, and may be bold
To share it if you will,—
Since England's glory first began,
Till—just the other day,
The half is yours ! but, Jonathan,
Why did you run away ?

O Brother, could we both be one
In nation and in name,
How gladly would the very fun
Lie basking in our fame !
In either world to lead the van
And go a-head for good,
While earth to John and Jonathan
Yields tribute gratitude.

Add but your stripes and golden stars
To brave St. George's cross,
And never dream of mutual wars,
Two dunces' mutual loss ;
Let us two bless where others ban,
And love when others hate,
And so, my cordial Jonathan,
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more ? I touch not holier strings
A loftier strain to win,
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or heavenly kith or kin ;

As friend with friend, and man with man,
Oh let our hearts be thus,
As David's love to Jonathan,
Be Jonathan's to us!

At Castle Mona.

1860.

FAIR Castle Mona,—which an unthroned King
Built for his People's solace and delight,
A Sans-Souci, where all is gay and bright,
To thee my pleasant memories would I bring;
For there, by genial day and brilliant night,
We lived to feast and play and dance and sing,—
Chefs, archery, billiards, whist, the sail, the drive,—
Or stroll'd, in pictured groups to charm Watteau,
A crowd of friends to keep the heart alive,—
Friends that in change unceasing come and go
Like this near sea, with restless ebb and flow,
The parable of Life; for, sooth to tell,
There is much sadness in our sunny show,
Where the first greeting links the last farewell.

“Ye Thirty Noble Nations.”

1851.

YE Thirty noble Nations
Confederate in One!
That keep your starry stations
Around the Western Sun,—
I have a glorious mission,
And must obey the call,—
A claim! and a petition!
To set before you All.

Away with party blindness,
Away with petty spite!
My Claim is one of Kindness,
My Prayer is one of Right;
And while in grace ye listen,—
For tenderness, I know
Your eyes shall dim and glisten,
Your hearts shall thrill and glow.

For, on those hearts is written
The spirit of my song,—
I claim your love for Britain,
In spite of every wrong!
I claim it for—your mother,
Your sister, and your spouse,
Your father, friend, and brother,
The “Hector” of your vows!

In spite of all the evils
That statesmen ever brew'd,
Or busy printers'-devils,
Or Celtic gratitude,—
In spite of politicians
And diplomatic fusts,
Your feelings and traditions
Are cordially with us!

Oh yes! your recollections
Look back with streaming eye
To pour those old affections
On scenes and days gone by;
Your Eagle well remembers
His dear old island-nest,
And sorrow stirs the embers
Of love within his breast!

Ah! need I tell of places
You dream and dwell on still?
Those old familiar faces
Of English vale and hill,—
The sites you think of, sobbing,
And seek as pilgrims seek,
With brows and bosoms throbbing,
And tears upon your cheek!

Or should I touch on glories
That date in ages gone,
Those dear historic stories
When England's fame was won,—

The tales your children thronging
 So gladly hear you tell,
 And note their father's longing,
 And love that longing well !

For language, follies, fashions,
 Religion, honour, shame,
 And human loves and passions,
 Oh ! we are just the same ;
 You, you are England, growing
 To Continental state,
 And we Columbia, glowing
 With all that makes you great !

Yes, Anglo-Saxon brother,
 I see your heart is right,—
 And we will warm each other
 With all our loves alight ;
 In feeling and in reason
 My Claim is stow'd away,—
 And kissing is in season
 For ever and a day !—

And now in frank contrition,
 O brother mine, give heed,—
 And hear the just Petition
 My feeble tongue would plead ;
 I plead across the waters
 So deeply crimson-stain'd,
 For Afric's sons and daughters
 Whom freemen hold enchain'd !

I taunt you not unkindly
 With ills you did not make,
I would not wish you blindly
 In haste the bond to break ;
But tenderly and truly
 To file away the chain,
And render justice duly
 To Man's Estate again !

Oh, judge ye how degrading,—
 A Christian bought and sold !
And human monsters trading
 In human flesh for gold !
When ruthlessly they plunder
 Poor Afric's homes defiled,
And all to sell—afunder !
 The mother, and her child.

O free and fearless Nation,
 Wipe out this damning spot,
Earth's worst abomination,
 And nature's blackest blot ;
Begin and speed the rather
 To help with hand and eye
The children of your Father
 Beneath His tropic sky.

HE—HE who form'd and frees us
 And makes us white within,
Who knows how Holy JESUS
 May love that tinted skin ?

For none can tell how darkly
 The fun of Jewry shed
Its burning shadows starkly
 On JESU's homeless head.

And lo ! One great salvation
 Hath burst upon the World,—
And GOD's Illumination
 Like noonday shines unfurl'd ;
Shall bonds or colour pale it ?
 Candace's Eunuch—say !—
The first, though black, to hail it,
 And love the Gospel Day !

Columbia, well I note it
 That half your sons are strong
Against this ill, and vote it
 A folly and a wrong ;
Yet, lurks there not a loathing,
 Ay, with your best inclined,
Against that sable clothing
 Of Man's own heart and mind ?

I charge you by your power,
 Your freedom and your fame,
To speed the blessed hour
 That wipes away this Shame :
By all life's hopes and wishes
 And fears beyond the grave,
Renounce those blood-bought riches,
 And frankly free the slave !

So let whatever threaten,
While GOD is on our side,
Columbia and Britain
The world shall well divide, —
Divide?—No ! in one tether
Of Anglo-Saxon might
We 'll hold the world together
In peace and love and right !

Liberia to America.

FOSTER-MOTHER, shrewd and stern,
Favour yet thy fable child !
Graciously and frankly turn
With a heart well reconciled :
Be not thou the last to bid
Africa's young Hope GOD-speed,—
Let not all thy love be hid
From thy daughter's day of need !

England, with maternal heart,
Cheers us on, and clears our way ;
And her Bayard's generous part
France has nobly will'd to play :
Wherefore then the last art thou
Thus to recognise our claim,—
Equal and fraternal now,
Free in state, and race, and name ?

320 *To Certain of "the Fourth Estate."*

Have we not deserved right well
Of mankind and thee forsooth ?
Is it but a boast to tell
That our progress helps the truth ?
Be not then the last to look
Kindly on Liberia's light,—
Quickened by the Blessed Book,
And made glorious by the Right.

Great America, behold !
Thou, through us, shalt cure anon
Man's deep leprosy of old,
Noah's curse on Ham's dark son ;
Be not then the last to fend
Generous greeting o'er the waves,
But with gracious glance befriend
Thine own sons, no longer slaves !

To Certain of "the Fourth Estate."

YE that steer the minds of men,
Pilots of the public will,
By the rudder of the pen
Guiding us to good or ill,—
Who shall tell how vast your power,
Power to curse, or power to bless,
Secret despots of the hour,
Monarchs of the mighty Press ?

Kings uncrown'd, unseen, unknown !
Nameless chiefs in every land !
Of yourselves your power is grown,
And within yourselves shall stand—
Strongly,—till yourselves alone
Change with suicidal hand
That firm pyramid of stone
To a crumbling hill of sand !

Till YE change it : till good sense
Leaves the dull or venal page ;
Till good purpose banish'd thence
Gives its place to party rage ;
Till your wisdom, wit, and worth,
Drown'd in calumnies and strife,
Change the noblest power on earth
To the meanest plague in life !

If ye truckle to the bad
By the good man's slander'd name ;
If ye make the wicked glad
Through religion put to shame ;
If, instead of truth well sown,
Recklessly ye broadcast lies,
And with rumours bubble-blown
Cheat awhile our ears and eyes,—

It is but yourselves you cheat,
Cheat of honour, love, and trust,—
And you cut away your feet,
Like a Dagon in the dust ;

All your strength is weakness then,
 Lying as a Samson shorn,
 Till the "public praise" of men
 Comes to be their common scorn!

For the Invalid Ladies' Institution.

THE gall that curdles in Affliction's cup
 Is no peculiar poison-drop for those
 Who, steep'd in Poverty, must drink it up,
 Harden'd, from life's dark daybreak to its close,
 By want and toil and all the poor man's woes,—
 But, still more bitter is its taste to some,
 Who, haply born of Dives in his wealth,
 At eventide with Lazarus must sup,
 To unused hardship innocently come,
 In need and loneliness and broken health :
 For such we plead ; rejoice them in their sorrow,
 The rather that their high-bred grief is dumb ;
 With gentle wisdom do them good by stealth ;
 Their case to-day may be our own to-morrow.

Blucher's "Forwards!"

BRAVO! brave old Teuton heart,
Noble " Marshal Forwards! "
Bravo! every better part,—
Nature, Providence, and Art,—
All are shouting Forwards;
If we gain, to gain the more,
Pressing on to things before,
Ever marching forwards;
If we lose,—by swift attack
Soon to win those losses back
By the rule of—Forwards!

Forwards; it's the way of life,
Always urging forwards,—
Be it peace, or be it strife,
Stagnant-ripe, or tempest-ripe,
All is moving forwards;
Generations live and die,
Stars are journeying on the sky
By the law of forwards;
Space and Time, and you, and I,
All—but GOD's Eternity—
Tend for ever forwards!

So, good youth, go on and win !
 Conquest lives in Forwards ;
 Go, if once you well begin,
 Steering clear of self and sin,
 Forwards, ever forwards !
 Never could the foe withstand
 Honest Blucher's one command,
 Forwards, soldiers ! forwards,—
 Never shall the foe be met
 Bold enough to front thee yet,
 If thy face is Forwards !

Aspire.

HIGHER, higher, ever higher,—
 Let thy watchword be " Aspire ! "
 Noble Christian youth ;
 Whatsoe'er be God's behest,
 Try to do that duty best
 In the strength of Truth.

Let a just ambition fire
 Every motive and desire
 God and man to serve :
 Man, with zeal and honour due,
 God, with gratitude most true,
 And all the spirit's nerye !

Let not Doubt thine efforts tire,
God will give what all require,—
 Raiment, home, and food !
And with these contented well,
Bid thine aspirations swell
 To the Highest Good !

From the perils deep and dire
Of Temptation's sensual mire
 Keep thy chasten'd feet ;
Dread, and hate, and turn away
From the lure that leads astray,
 Satan's pleasure-cheat !

And, while thus a self-denier,
Stand the stalwart self-relier,—
 Bravely battling on,
Though alone,—no soul alive
Ever stoutly dared to strive
 But saw the battle won !

Though thy path be thorn and brier,
Every step shall bring thee nigher
 To Creation's prize ;
With "Excelsior" on thy flag,
Thou shalt tread the topmost crag,
 Climbing to the skies.

Higher, then, and always higher,—
Let thy motto be "Aspire !"
 Whoso'er thou be ;
Holy liver ! happy dier !
Earth's poor best and Heaven's quire
 Are reserved for thee !

The Opium Trade.

ENGLAND ! ever swift and strong
 To deliver and to bless
 From the tyranny of Wrong
 All the children of distress,—
 Mother England ! whose great love
 Yearning o'er the human race
 Imitateth God above,
 Helping Man in every place,—

Yet,—there be some spots of shame
 Tarnishing thy glory's good,
 And the greatness of thy name
 Dimming as with tears of blood,—
 Many evils, many crimes,
 In the face of Earth and Heaven,
 Even to these better times,
 Rampant, rank, and—unforgiven !

O my country ! who can look
 On thy field of bitter tares
 Branded by the Holy Book,
 Heedless of thy sins and snares ?
 Yea,—our hearts would fail and faint
 Did not Hope and Faith depend,
 Link'd with Charity, sweet faint,
 God shall help us yet to mend !

Look you ; take but one sad scene,
One of many darkling still,
Where the good that should have been
All is blighted into ill,—
Our Religion, Knowledge, Laws
Scandalised, and millions slain,
While the heathen mock—because
Christen'd men will sin for gain!

Yonder vast industrious realm
We, at lucre's bated breath,
Like a torrent overwhelm
With the very juice of Death ;
China, poison'd to the core,
Pleads to GOD against the spell
English commerce dares to pour
O'er her people drugg'd by hell !

Opium ! not the viper's fang,
Opium ! not the upas sap,
Nor where nightshade berries hang
Dropping death on nature's lap,—
Not all horrid hates combined
Can be mingled into worse
Than *thy* mischief to mankind,
Soul's and body's utter curse !

Treacherous, pleasure-seeming pain,—
Smiling foe, that mines by stealth
All the heart and all the brain,
All the hope and all the health,—

Murderer !—but, inch by inch,
Dreadfully dissecting life
Out of nerves too dull'd to flinch
From thy keen and cruel knife,—

Oh the sorrow and the shame
That for millions slaughter'd so,
England, England bears the blame—
Yea, their everlasting woe !
England pours her opium in,
Though sad China pleads to spare,
And the misery and the sin
Riot infamously there !

True ; from this our letter laws
Hypocritically shrink,
But for mighty Mammon's cause
At the wicked traffic wink ;
True ; they smuggle—and we sell !
And if buyers die—what then ?
Sycee silver pays us well
For the lives and souls of men !

Fool ! if even God were Not,
And if Man lived nevermore,
If no curse, no deep plague-spot
Blasted both thy soul and store,—
Fool !—the land, the skill, the toil
Wasted thus on poison juice,
Should in corn, and wine, and oil,
Plenty, health, and wealth produce !

Crowded China slaves and starves
Famine-hungry to be fed,
Heaping high her glutton wharves
With rich merchandise for bread,—
But—those ill-begotten gains
Drag the teats of commerce dry,
Roguery the bullion drains,
And the stagnant markets die!

Friend of commerce, friend of Man!
Lo, the folly of this crime,
Haste, and as we ought and can,
Wipe it from the scroll of time!
Happily, those poison drops
Fester on ephemeral weeds;
Happily, for nobler crops
Yearning Earth asks better seeds!

The Golden Mean.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

PAGEANTS rare of splendid waste
Hurried on with glittering haste;
Honours high, and fashions gay,—
Teasing pomp by night and day;
Luxuries that never cease
Rich in every zest but—peace;

Flattering homage, fickle sweet,
 Pleasures—pleasures? false and fleet,—
 Who shall swear that rank and wealth
 Have one bliss except by stealth
 When the great, the rich, the proud
 Stoop to imitate the crowd?

Aching toil, or starving rest;
 Disappointment's bleeding breast;
 Hopes of better, never here;
 Luck a laggard in the rear;
 Cellar, children, curses, cries,
 Furious crime, or fawning lies,—
 Food? the foulest, scantily dealt;
 Pain? ay, pain for ever felt;
 Who, with Francis, who can praise,
 Poverty, thy works and ways,
 Till they rise above despair,
 Till Content hath smother'd Care?

Give me, Blessed Father! give
 Just enough in love to live;
 Give me what is truly good—
 Grace, and food, and gratitude;
 Kindly give me patience, health,
 Anything but wasteful Wealth;
 Wisely in Thy mercy grant
 Anything but wasting Want;
 That I may not through excess
 Sin from want or wantonness,—
 That I may be clear and clean,
 Lucid in the Golden Mean.

The Cotton Famine.

DEAREST England, Mother England,
Happy in such Christian sons,
Praise thy God, yea, shout and sing, Land,
For these nobly suffering ones !
Praise Him, that their trial season
Met with energy in time,
Borne by patient faith and reason,
Stands this spectacle sublime.

Not, when India proved thy daughters
Heroines all in peril's hour,—
Not, when ruffling British waters
Dark invasion seem'd to lour,—
Not, when, arm'd yet undefiant,
Peaceful but prepared wert Thou,—
More serene or self-reliant
Was thy forehead then than Now.

England ! God hath tried thee often ;
Still be thou His faithful found ;
Still may grace thy great heart soften,
Still thy charities abound :
So, the heaviest, hardest trial
Thou shalt conquer evermore,—
And Love's vase, not Judgment's vial,
Break in blessings on thy shore !

Gray Hair.

LIGHT as flakes of falling snow
Drop the silent-footed hours ;
And the days,—they come and go,
And the years—we scarcely know
How their frosts, and fruits, and flowers,
Transient crops of weal and woe,
Change, and pass, and perish so !
While we muse upon To-day,
Lo ! the dream has died away ;
And there lives what was To-morrow,
With its present joy or sorrow,
Pains and pleasures, fear and hope,
A variable kaleidoscope :
So on, so on ; till years have sped
By tens and twenties over head,
And those flakes that fell unfelt
Have grown to snows—that never melt !

The Burnt Church.

ST. GEORGE'S, DONCASTER.

O WRECK of many good and precious things!
 O thousand glories shatter'd to the ground!
 O Ruin,—where Destruction's fiery wings
 Have flapp'd, and scorch'd, and ravaged all around!
 O Providence,—whose deep determinings
 No wisdom can defeat, no thought can sound,—
 Alas! how shall we well and wisely search
 The mind of GOD in this—a ruin'd Church?

For lo, the loss! Religion's beauteous fane,
 For eight long centuries her holy home,
 Where sacred story stain'd each pictured pane,
 And Learning archived many a rare old tome,—
 Where Gothic sculpture, lofty, pure, and plain,
 Stood a protesting trophy won from Rome,—
 All burnt, all blasted!—Who may read aright
 The will of Heaven in this unholy sight?

Ye shall discern it, though your eyes be dim,
 If teachably and humbly still ye search:—
 GOD is a Spirit; those who worship Him
 Make not a mediate idol of His Church;
 Mounting on eagle wings of cherubim,
 They linger not to deck the temple-porch,—
 But serving One whose temple is all space,
 They seek Him always and in every place!

Yet, must we note the low estate of Man,
And help on earth his earthly nature fill ;
And, it is wise and duteous, where we can,
To counteract by good permitted ill ;
And, if we work eternal Mercy's plan,
We glorify our God through man's free will ;
And He that bade us worship Him aright
Said,—Make My court and service your delight.

Therefore, with energy and zeal discreet,
Hasten to raise this holy house again ;
With decent splendour, as is right and meet,
Give God once more His consecrated fane :
He waits in grace to bless your willing feet,
And those who serve Him, never serve in vain :
So bring your offerings, and your alms outpour,
And rear St. George for God and Man once more !

Alice Evelyn.

BEAUTIFUL Alice, serene little saint,
My treasure !—O better than mine,—
What mind can imagine, or eloquence paint
Thy gladness and glory divine ?
A bright happy spirit, made perfect and free,
On whom The Good JESUS hath smiled,
This ecstasy now hath beatified thee,
My blessed and beautiful child !

Ah ! fairest, and purest, and dearest of all,
Sweet babe of two years and a half,
How painful a pleasure it is to recall
The ring of thy once merry laugh ;
How touching to dream of that loved little face
With its martyr-expression of pain,
And the tender blue eyes where angelical grace
Shone patiently smiling again !

What vision was ever more piteous than this,—
To watch her, so wan and so weak,
With white little hands reaching up for a kiss,
When faint and unable to speak ;
What memory ever so joyous,—that oft
Those dear little hands she would raise,
So tremblingly feeble, so small and so soft,
In prayer and the music of praise !

O Death ! what a loveliness, holy and calm,
All silently solemnly sweet,
Invested with bliss and anointed with balm
My babe from her face to her feet !
The silken fringed eyelashes slept on her cheek,
And her mouth was a rose-bud half-blown,
And her fingers were folded so prayerfully meek,
And her foot was a lily in stone !

In an ark snowy-white with its silvery sheen,
And scatter'd with flow'rets of spring,
Deep under the turf all mossy and green,
We have left thee, thou dear little thing !

In hope, though in grief,—in affection and prayer,
Affured of the soon-coming hour
When that precious root, buried tearfully there,
Shall shoot up again as a flower !

With hyacinth bulbs we have yearningly traced
In her garden her musical name,
And know that wherever each bulb hath been placed
It surely shall blossom the same ;
So thou, hidden rootlet of life and of light,
Though seeming to moulder away,
Shalt break away bright from the prison of Night
To bloom for Eternity's day !

My glorified Alice ! look joyously down
Wherever in spirit thou art,
And suffer the gleam of thy wings and thy crown
To gladden the eyes of my heart !
Those thin picking fingers, at rest from all pain,
Stretch forth from the skies for a kiss,—
That faltering tongue, let me hear it again,
“ P'aying p'ayers,” as a spirit in bliss !

My beauty ! my darling ! my precious ! my prize !
My cherub, my saint, and my sweet !
My child that hast won the bright goal of the skies,
My herald in heaven to meet !
O thanks be to God, that his bountiful love
To me the glad blessing hath given,
My babe—to be heir of His glory above,
My daughter—His daughter in Heaven !

One Gone Before.

My pretty one beneath the sod,
My pretty one beyond the sky,
My darling gone to be with God,
And nevermore to moan or die,—
My Alice ! fast asleep in flowers
Beneath the shadow of the Cross,
How blest is such a loss as ours
When thou art gainer by that loss !

Beside the now deserted nave
Of dear old ivied Albury Church,
Beside our own ancestral grave,
Beside the defecrated porch,—
Our pretty darling lies beneath
Her matted quilt of flow'rets fair,
And at her head, as blessing death,
The cross of JESUS watches there.

Sweet spirit, pure and meek and mild,
O patient martyr gone to bliss,
I love thee, my most precious child,
Too deeply to repine at this :
I long indeed to see those eyes,
And kiss their beauty o'er and o'er,
But I shall see thee in the skies,
And there will kiss them evermore.

Friends in Heaven.

O SPIRITS made perfect! How dear will ye be,
 In the bright happy world, where affections are free!
 Unfetter'd from all the heart-slavery here,
 Unwarp'd by the world in its love or its fear,
 Uncheck'd in their impulses—misunderstood,
 Unchill'd in their warmth, and all glowing for good.
 O glorious and glad! when in fulness and power
 The soul shall expand like an amaranth flower,
 And open her beauties for every eye,
 And shed out her fragrance on all that come nigh,
 And freely fly forth on the wings of a dove,
 And float in a rapture of purified love!

—There, soon in the garments of praise shall I see
 The spirits that here have been dearest to me,
 Those beautiful darlings, by memory shrouded
 In the roots of the heart and the stem of the mind,
 On the magical leaves of affection imprest,
 And burst into blossom as spirits made blest!
 How happy hereafter in union most sweet
 Such cherished and glorified dear ones to meet!
 And here, to look forward to those gone before
 In the joy and the hope of such meeting once more!
 And now, to look upward and feel without fear
 That these are His messengers helping us here!

Enfranchised.

LANDED in safety on the Tranquil Shore
 Where Change and Sin and Sorrow vex no more,
 What heart can wish that Happy Spirit back,
 Or guess the glories of his heavenly track ?
 For, those ascending wings have pierced the height
 Where Holy JESUS reigns, enthroned in light,
 And, as a sinner should his Saviour meet,
 Albert ! thy lips have kiss'd His blessed feet,
 Till the scarr'd hands, for us once crucified,
 Raised thee and throned thee by His gracious side,
 Among the faints to share their great reward,
 For ever and for ever with the LORD !

O what were all the best of earthly bliss,
 What all the honours of the world to this ?
 What better, than in both worlds to be blest,
 With all Time's prizes,—and Eternal Rest ?
 Wise, temperate, chaste, the pattern for a Prince
 Undreamt till Arthur, nor ensampled since,
 Religiously he walk'd his useful life,
 Undimm'd by pleasure's sloth and faction's strife,
 The brave and modest Leader in the van
 Of all that elevates and teaches Man,
 Till, quicken'd by his gift for doing good,
 Earth bloom'd again an Eden where He stood !

Though in half-felfish forrow ftill we grieve,
 And fcarce our lofs can meafure or believe,
 Though ne'er till now, fince time and kings began,
 Hath a whole Nation, mourning for one man,
 Wept, as a mother for her only fon,
 The blamelefs, peerlefs, admirable One,—
 Yet, heart of England,—yet, O widow'd Queen !
 Heeding that brighter world, and things unfeen,
 And the glad Spirit well enfranchifed thus,—
 Who, who could hope to have Him back with us ?
 What love would wifh imprifon'd here once more
 The Glorious Freeman of that Tranquil Shore ?

The Ballast-Heavers' Request.

1863.

“ There was a Man, a Prince among men,
 As good as he was great,—
 We fhall not look on his like again,
 And he help'd our low eftate :
 The poor man's Friend, as the rich man's Chief,
 We loved him all over the land ;
 For never was human trouble or grief
 But he comforted, counfell'd, and brought it relief,
 And cheer'd it heart and hand !

“And us hath he saved from the middleman’s gripe,
Rescued from drink and its gall,—
To us he was ever the model and type
Of husband, and father, and all,—
He blest us while here,—and now that he’s gone,
According to Bible story,
His earnest kind eyes, let us hope, bless on,
For each of us thinks of their light, as a son
Of his Father’s eyes in glory!”

“That Prince among men, most gracious Queen,
Thou lovedst him better than we,
And, dear to us all as He hath been,
Dearer He was to Thee;
Then, for his sake, so bold would we make,—
A priceless gift we ask;
A picture of Him from his Wife to take,
To keep it in honour for his dear sake,
And all in its light to bask!”

The Good Queen heard with a throbbing breast,
Where Sorrow and Hope still strove;
And doubled the boon of their frank request
In her Queenly mother-love;
For She said, “My friends, take His, take mine,
I am His—as none can sever—
Together in kindly memory shine
My Great Good Lord in his rest divine,
And me in my love for ever!”

The true Albert Memorial.

HONOUR!—an Albert Order for the wise, the true, the good—

To balance The Victoria Cross for deeds of hardihood ;
Honour!—a jewell'd medal of the Face we held so dear,

Where all the virtues show'd like stars, and shone so bright and clear :

A Badge for Civil Merit,—our Albert's inmost thought,
Witness'd by every word He spake, by every work He wrought ;

That juster Memory of the Man and the High place
He fill'd,

Than all our quarried marbles, or our molten bronze
could build.

Enough, O Queen, of honours for the Magnates of the State ;

Enough,—though well deserved,—of stars and titles
for the Great ;—

In praise of Albert, now at length bid England's
Heralds find

An Order for the holy heart, and for the mighty mind !

The whole World's Worthies need some wreath for
civic good well done,

And gladly would accept it as from That Translated
One,

Named His Companions, following Him, in all things
 "treu und fest,"
And vow'd, like Him, to Good, before they enter into
 rest!

And England's Worthies, — noble band! not even
 friendly France,
To make her Legion of the Great, had such a golden
 chance,—
Both sons and daughters, of all ranks, whom History's
 true pen
Shall write upon the rolls of Fame, as in the hearts of
 men!

O Queen, who also livest there, regard these in Thy
 love!
Reward them as the friends of Him who rests in bliss
 above,—
Let honour, for thine Albert's sake, on excellence
 descend,
And make true worth on every shore Thy strong though
 humble friend!

Look up and down the land, O Queen!—there is no
 lack of good
So that Thou seek it not in men of place-and-party
 brood;
Look up and down the world, and search for true
 worth everywhere,
And where Thou findest Merit, give thine Albert's
 Order there!

So, let what sculptured stones beside that Sainted Spirit
 praise,
 A nobler monument to Him Thy sorrowing love shall
 raise—
 A temple built in living stones—of man's and woman's
 worth—
 The Order of Good Albert for the Excellent of Earth !

For the Bible,

GIVEN BY

THE MAIDENS OF ENGLAND TO THE PRINCESS ALICE
 ON HER MARRIAGE, JULY 1, 1862.

ON this bright day, thy sisters, dear Princess,
 Thy million sisters over all the land,
 In fair concentric groups, a maiden band,
 Surround thee, with glad eagerness to bless,
 And place a token in thy gentle hand
 Of their warm wishes for thy happiness :
 Take it,— a simple book,—a common gift ;
 And yet more precious than the gems and gold
 Pour'd on thy marriage tables, seven times told ;
 For this hath grace the spirit to uplift
 Above the pleasures and the pains of Time,
 Helping thy way with mercies from above,
 Cheering its goal with hopes of bliss sublime,
 And crowning all the joys of wedded love.

A Psalm for Harvest.

O BLESS the GOD of harvest, praise Him through the
land,
Thank Him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal
love :
Praise Him for the fields, that have render'd up their
riches,
And, drest in funny stubbles, take their sabbath after
toil ;
Praise Him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying
bare,
And meadows, where the sweet-breath'd hay was
stack'd in early summer ;
Praise Him for the wheat-sheaves, gather'd safely into
barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the
sounding flail ;
Praise Him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,
Praise Him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant
bitter ;
Praise Him for the wholesome root, that fatten'd in the
furrow,
Praise Him for the mellow fruits, that bend the
groaning bough :
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy
store,

For skill and labour prosper'd well, by gracious suns
and showers ;
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the
hearth,
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of
harvest !

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise
Him for you,
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your
thanks :
Trees and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladden-
ing the eyes with verdure,
For all your leaves and flowers and fruits, we praise the
God of harvest !
Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on
the air,
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of
mail,
And steers, resting after labour, and timorous flocks
afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the
creaking wains,
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the
God of harvest !

And ye, O some who never pray'd, and therefore cannot
praise ;
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unillumined
night,

Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your
work ;
Who lay down late, but render'd no thank-offering for
that blessing
Which all unfought He sent, and all unknown ye
gather'd,—
Alas ! for you and in your stead, we praise the God of
harvest !

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shriek'd for
bread,
And noisome alleys of the town, where fever fed on
hunger,—
O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing Erin,
Come and join my cheerful praise, for God hath
answer'd prayer :
Praise Him for the better hopes, and signs of better
times,
Unity, gratitude, contentment ; industry, peace, and
plenty ;
Bless Him that His chastening rod is now the sceptre of
forgiveness,
And in your joy remember well to praise the God of
harvest !

Come, gladly come along with me, and swell this
grateful song,
Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of
the soil :
All ye that sow'd the seed in faith, with those who
reap'd in joy,

And he that drove the plough afield, with all the
scatter'd gleaners,
And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that
tend the sheep,
And men that load the sluggish wain or neatly thatch
the rick,—
Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your
thrilling cheers,
But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad
rejoicings,
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-
home,
And join this cheerful song of praise,—to bless the God
of harvest !

The Heart's Gallop.

A MINDFUL man, but hearted like a child,
Lived near my dwelling : he was frank and glad,
Though many sorrows might have made him sad ;
But, to say sooth, his cheerfulness beguiled
The way of life so well, that trouble's power
Was half unheeded, like a passing shower :
Still as he went he sang, hoping the best,
And restless energy claim'd every hour,

And with a buoyant spirit he was blest.

One day we rode together on the grafs,

Talking of bygone years and all the rest,

So look'd for and so swiftly seen to pass,

When, as my gloomier spirit sigh'd Alas!

Thus to his pony's gallop keeping time

His heart exulting pour'd itself in rhyme :—

“ Huzzah,—huzzah !

For so much thrown behind my back,

And so many patches of light on my track,

And so much done, and so much won,

And life's race hitherto honestly run,

For honour and hope, and enough, and to spare,

And perfect Providence everywhere,—

For peace and pleasure by nights and days,

Huzzah ! give God the praise !

“ Huzzah for the past, whatever betide ;

Huzzah ! in piety, not in pride :

Grateful and glad may the spirit be seen,

And humble at heart though triumphant in mien,

While Sincerity sings right out

Where Vanity lying would darken with doubt,—

For happiness, honour, and help always,

Huzzah ! give God the praise !

“ Yes,—for friends on every shore,

Loving and blessing us more and more,—

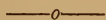
Yes,—for a sowing in every clime,

To bud and to bear to the end of time,—

Yes,—for a reaping rare and good,
A heavenly harvest of angels' food,
Mercies, comforts, pardoning love,
And grace upon earth, and glory above,
O friend! with me our chorus raise,
Huzzah! give God the praise!"

ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

Poetical Works by the same Author.



THREE HUNDRED SONNETS.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

(The same Translated into French and German.)

BALLADS FOR THE TIMES.

LYRICS.

GERALDINE,

And other Poems.

KING ALFRED'S POEMS.

From the Anglo-Saxon.

A THOUSAND LINES:

HACTENUS: SACRA POESIS.



Ec. Ec.

Prose Works by the same Author.

PROBABILITIES:

An Aid to Faith.

STEPHAN LANGTON;

Or, the Days of King John.

THE CROCK OF GOLD.

HEART.

THE TWINS.

ÆSOP SMITH'S RIDES AND
REVERIES.

PATERFAMILIAS'S DIARY.

AN AUTHOR'S MIND.

A MODERN PYRAMID.

Ec. Ec.

. It is possible that this book may at some time be followed by a second similar Volume under the title of "BARBITON, a companion to CITHARA:" wherein would be comprised the Play of ALFRED; GERALDINE, a sequel to CHRISTABEL; and a multitude of remaining Poems by the same Author.

C74 . 891





**HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.**



JAN 89

**N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962**



